

HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

HELP!

FOR TIRED MINDS

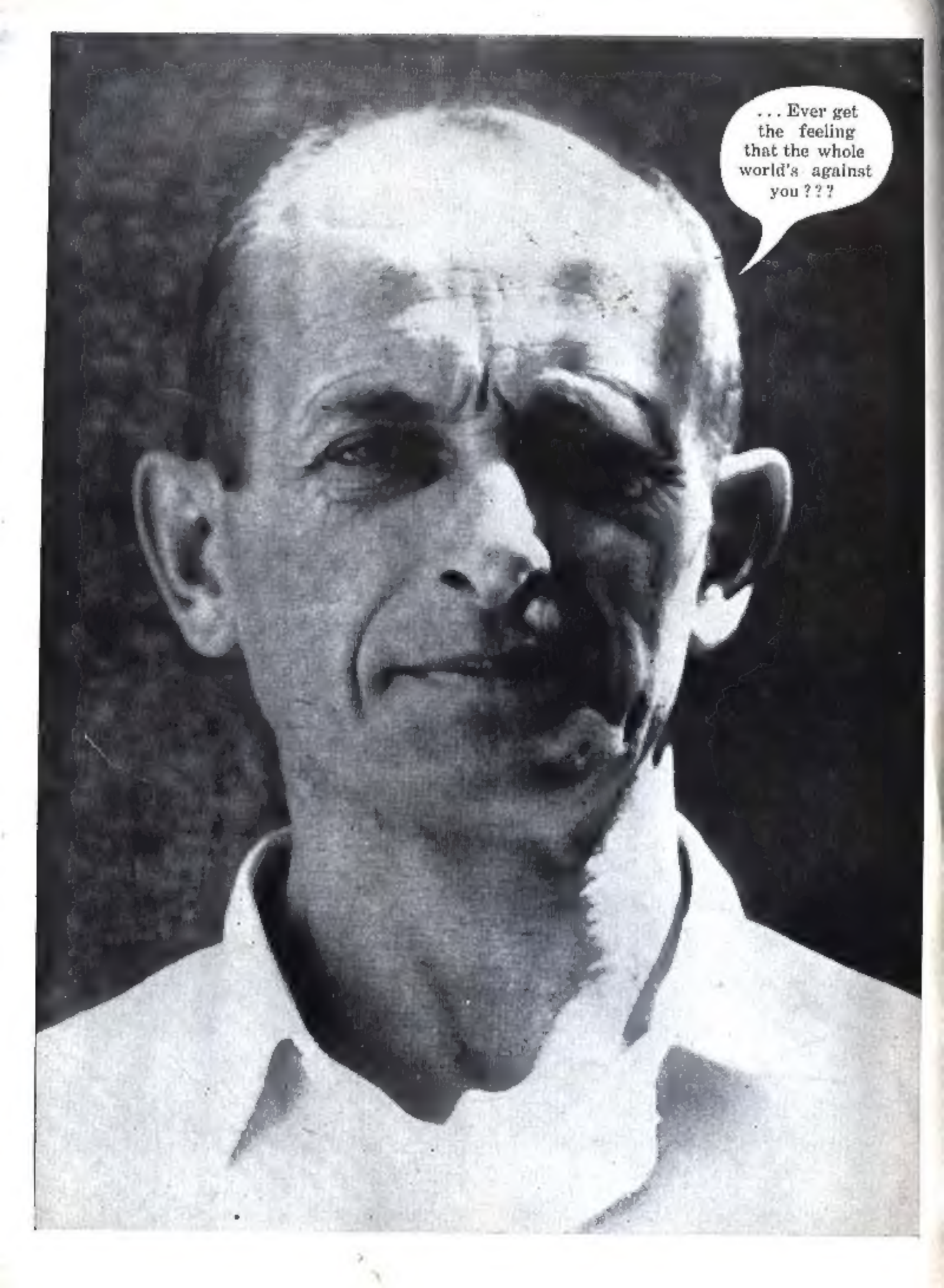
35c

HUGH
DOWNS
AT
WORK

MARCH 1981 NO. 8 ICD

ARNOLD ROTH
THROUGH BERLIN
GEORGE KIRGO
IN THE STREET
WILL ELDER
ON A MOUNTAIN

Ron Harris



... Ever get
the feeling
that the whole
world's against
you ???





Don't look
at me. I've
never had a *thing*
to do with
girls!



ROOM

HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 8 MARCH 1961

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN

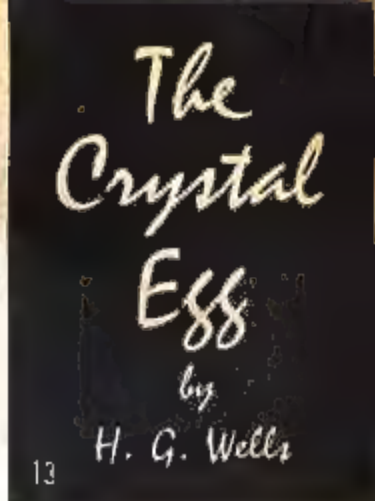
publisher JAMES WARREN

assistant editor GLORIA STEINEM

contributing editor GEORGE KIRGO

production

HARRY CHESTER





EDITOR'S PREFACE

If Jack Paar thinks he has become a force in America . . . he's right. Witness Hugh Downs on our cover and George Kirgo on pages 8 and 23; two nice people we might never have met had they not been brought into our living rooms by the Tonight Show.

COVER STORY

Actually, our cover is a father-son photo. After an early evening taping of the Paar Show, Hugh Downs came over to our photographer's studio with his fifteen-year-old son, H. R. Downs. That's his name, H. R. And that's his fist on the cover, lower right.



H.R., Kurtzman, Chester, Hugh Downs, Warren

BERLIN

For our second "over-seas assignment" we commissioned cartoonist Arnold Roth to inspect the Iron Curtain in East and West Berlin. Roth, who draws the syndicated comic strip, "Poor Arnold's Almanac", took a look at this phenomenon (try imagining a boundary drawn between, say, the East Side and West Side of New York), and came up with some pretty revealing observations about how big historical problems translate into poignant personal ironies.



Roth (right) by Roth

ORSON BEAN

This month's *fumetti* (see page 45) was shot on location, and we have the chilblains to prove it. We somehow managed to choose the coldest pre-Christmas day of the year for our all-day outdoor shooting session at the County Shopping Center in Yonkers, New York.

Between shots, everybody — *fumetti* cast plus Ed Kurtzman, Assistant Steinem, and Photographer Harlan — huddled together in the station wagon, clutching cups of hot coffee and each other. Cold weather certainly fosters friendship.

O darling
we'll be so happy
when our little stranger
arrives.



Back in New York, we managed to thaw out Orson Bean in time for his guest appearance on the Jack Paar (there's that name again) Show that evening, and Nona Candler shifted costume and gears for her role in *Three Penny Opera*. The rest of us slunk off in the winter-evening gloom to our respective hot showers and plans of less suburbia and more tropics in all future picture stories.

JACK WOHL

Jack Wohl is a Young Talent Around New York (which is the only thing to be around New York) who appears here (see page 32) for the first time in any magazine called *HELP!* (Another important *HELP!* first!) We saw his book called "*The Conformers*" (see below) and we knew immediately that his mind worked like ours, i.e., he's in trouble.

Biographically speaking, Jack has been, at various times, a child, a larger child, a musician, a composer and a Creative Consultant and Art Director for our larger Advertising Agencies. His ambition in life is to buy a new briefcase. That's what it says on the back of his book. If you want to know what it says inside, buy it.

—editors



Conformers

LETTERS

SHIP PRINTS

How could you do a thing like this to me? Putting different ship pictures in various copies of *HELP!* #6. Just how many different pictures were there, out of curiosity?

Charles S. Hertz, Jr.
Allentown,
Pennsylvania

There were six different ship prints bound into various issues of Issue #6 . . . and beauties they were.—ed.

OFFICE PARTY

In the office party skit, who is the blonde and also who is the brunette who Milt fired for not being more sociable?

Jack Cascio, Editor
REALM OF FANTASY
Bend, Illinois

The blonde is model Marianne Nestor, and the brunette is our

own wonder-woman, Assistant Editor, Gloria Steinem.—ed.

The enclosed picture shows one office party victim, namely, me.



Niel N. Prey
continued

HELP! PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GENERAL PROMOTIONS CO., INC. VOL. 1, NO. 8, MAR. 1961. PRICE 35¢ PER COPY. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$4.00 IN THE U.S. ELSEWHERE \$4.75. EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 545 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 17, N.Y. ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 1426 E. WASHINGTON LANE, PHILA. 38, PA. APPLICATION FOR SECOND-CLASS MAILING PRIVILEGES PENDING AT PHILA., PA. ADDITIONAL ENTRY PENDING AT MERIDEN, CONN. PRINTED IN U.S.A. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1961 BY GEN. PROMOTIONS CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE PRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. CONTRIBUTIONS INVITED PROVIDED RETURN POSTAGE ENCLOSED.

All I know is
we were sent here by
Dag Hammarskjöld.



LETTERS continued

It seems my wife has had the worst kind of picture of office parties painted for her, and when I arrived home she and a girl friend of her's were waiting for me. When I opened the door POW! BANG!

Niel N. Prey
Orlando, Florida

MADAM BUTTERFLY

I didn't get the gag on page 44 either, until a friend pointed me in the right direction. I was thinking of Pinkerton, the detective, not Pinkerton of "Madam Butterfly."

Donald Thompson
Cleveland 15, Ohio



Pinkerton Bit

I found the picture and caption on page 44 of your fifth edition very vulgar, repulsive and not funny in any way, shape or form.

Giacomo Puccini
Italy

POET'S CORNER

I would rather be an artisan who contributes to **HELP!** than to a review named **Partisan**; **HELP!** gets right down to the gist of things.

In short, as the sheriff said when he saw the body of the bad man dangling from the tree limb—it swings.

With the scalpel-like precision of Ernst or Dali,

It gives tired minds a point 'round which to rally And punctures bloated images of pomposity,

Which, unfortunately, compose that confection of monstrosity Known as society; and with a good deal of uniformity, **HELP!** helps to disarrange that thing—conformity;

And so I'd rather keep on roaping

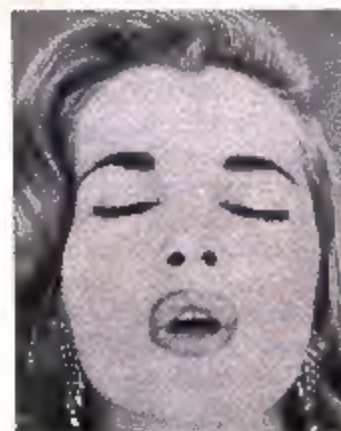
The reward of being in **HELP!** in preference to appearing in

Good Housekeeping.

Bob Elliott
West Hollywood, Fla.

KISSIE

My favorite feature is the



Favorite feature

"Kissie". After buying the last issue I promptly went out and broke my engagement.

Jim Black
New York City

Another kissie in the back of this issue!—ed.

So wassamater with yer "Kissies"? That fool piccher you

put on payge sixteay threecy of the Jannirary "Help" (no. 6) wuz a gersduggin lousy substitute.

Cecil Survend
Hartford, Conn.



Kissie?

STILLS

The movie stills are the greatest part of the magazine.

Mason Watt
Atlanta 18, Georgia

P.S. Keep using movie stills.

Please address all mail to **HELP!** Letters, Department 8, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Wait until
the guard goes home,
you fool.



THE
SHOCK
OF
RECOGNITION



George Kirgo (and friend)

Owing to circumstances beyond my control (I'm on this TV show a lot), I now possess what is known as a *public face*. That is to say, chances are that if I stand on a street corner for any length of time somebody is bound to recognize me. It's true. Of course it helps if the corner is Broadway and 42nd Street. And if I stand there during the lunch hour. For at least an hour or two. And if an old friend happens to come along and see me standing there waiting for somebody to recognize me.

Such is the power of television. Oh, maybe I'm not recognized the way a John F. Kennedy is, or a Nelson Rockefeller, or an Elizabeth Taylor, or some other big show business personality. My face isn't *that* public. Yet the day doesn't pass but that a perfect stranger stops me on the street and says, "Hey, aren't you what's-his-name?"

Many public faces claim they hate being recognized. Some react violently to a mere request for an autograph. I won't name names but I've heard that a certain Academy Award-winning actor (M— B—) will rip off your T-shirt if you as much as speak to him. A prominent actress whom I'll call J— M— is equally fierce. She'll rip off her own T-shirt.

Not me. I'll be frank with you. I resent *not* being recog-

nized. If a full day goes by and not a single perfect stranger has recognized me, I'll stop one and insist on his doing it. Even if he's never seen me before.

You see, this business of recognition is like a disease. Once you've been recognized you can't stop. You've got to keep being recognized. You can't get enough of it. You've got to be recognized or—else! It's a monkey on your back.

Take dark glasses. Now I'm the kind of human being who can't stand having things on his body. I mean, bodily encumbrances. Like wallets and wristwatches and other extra weights. Don't ask me why (amateur psychologists I'm not so fond of, either). That's the way it is. I have a watch; it's at home in a drawer. I don't wear rings or carry good luck medallions. I don't even own an ankle bracelet.

But you'll rarely see me without my dark glasses. I despise dark glasses. They hang heavy on my sensitive ears. They bruise the bridge of my nose. They hamper my vision even. Let them. I've discovered that without dark glasses you just don't get recognized.

And that's why so many public faces wear the things. Don't let them tell you anything different. Why, I know of one celebrity—a baritone, naturally—who not only wears dark glasses—he wears dark *contact lenses*!

All right, you know the worst. I enjoy being recognized by perfect strangers. It's a cheap thrill, but a thrill nevertheless. There are reasons for my pleasure, I'm sure—deep-rooted reasons like exhibitionism, insecurity, hostility with a little English on it. This is not the place for such probing. Besides, I dislike amateur psychologists even when they're me.

Before you condemn me, however, for deriving such joy from what is, at best, a meaningless experience, consider this:

Maybe I enjoy being recognized simply because, until recently, I've never *been* recognized. I mean, at all.

Like when I was about five years old, my father was taken seriously ill (the depression) and had to be hospitalized for several months. When the time came for him





to return home, my mother was apprehensive. At my age, after so long a separation, would I recognize my father?

As it turned out, I had no trouble. The minute he was wheeled into the lobby, I spotted him. But he didn't recognize me.

It's been that way ever since. My face is extremely forgettable and consequently my life has been largely composed of shattering incidents caused by non-recognition. Every time I entered the house my sister used to scream she didn't recognize me. I think that's why she used to scream.

Anyway, that's one explanation. I don't ask for forgiveness or even sympathy. Just understanding.

Believe me. I don't really like to like being recognized, or being stopped by perfect strangers. It's a situation fraught with perils. Once, while strolling on 5th Avenue, I was pleased to note that virtually *everybody* was recognizing me. Pleased but rather surprised since this was one of those rare occasions when I wasn't wearing my dark glasses (they were at the dentist). I was also struck by the fact that these people (or recognizers, as they are known in the trade) all seemed to be suffering from some strange sort of astigmatism. Although they were obviously looking at me, their eyes were focused a bit to the right of and beyond my public face. Suddenly it occurred to me that too many of them were recognizing me and too many of them had eye trouble. Heartsick, I turned and



recognized the public face of Jack Benny.

If you plan to become a public face, be prepared for this eventuality. In New York public faces are common. Other celebrities who have walked behind me include Harry Belafonte, Sidney Blackmer, Harry Truman (he passed me), Phil Silvers, Jackie Cooper, G. Mennen Williams, J— M—, Greta Garbo, and, twice, Myron Blumenthal.

Another time, late for an appointment, I rushed from the house, having barely finished dressing. Normally I relish being stopped by perfect strangers and hearing their perfectly strange views on literature, television, and international affairs, but, tardy as I was, I hoped to avoid such encounters. I proceeded through the streets of the city (I always walk since that's the best way to be recognized) without incident (lots of stares but nothing more) until I was at destination's door. And there I was observed by an elderly gentleman whose broad smile indicated that he would have words with me. As he neared me, I thought, "Probably retired. Lots of time to kill. Wants to know if it's true about Minnie Guggenheim and Charley Weaver. Wants to know if his grandson who plays the trombone can get on the show. Wants to know



if it's okay to use a ball point pen to write a book."

But as the elderly gentleman implanted himself before me, I said to myself, "So you'll be late. So what? This is the price one pays when one has a public face. It's your own fault, anyway. If you'd got up when you were supposed to, you wouldn't have had to rush from the house, having barely finished dressing."

So I extended my hand to the elderly gentleman and was about to confirm his suspicion that I was what's-his-name. The elderly gentleman ignored my hand, however, and asked me nothing. Instead he informed me, with a discreet downward glance, that I hadn't *quite* finished dressing. And, having performed this kindness for a perfect stranger (me), he moved on.

I'm sure all of you have had similar experiences and you can imagine how I felt. Eviscerated. Still, I had sense enough to close my eyes so I would not be seen, and, as surreptitiously as possible, I finished dressing, there in Rockefeller Center.

Today, my motto is check and double-check. I believe that when one has a public face it is incumbent upon one to insure the privacy of one's other components. In fact, shouldn't *everybody*?

END

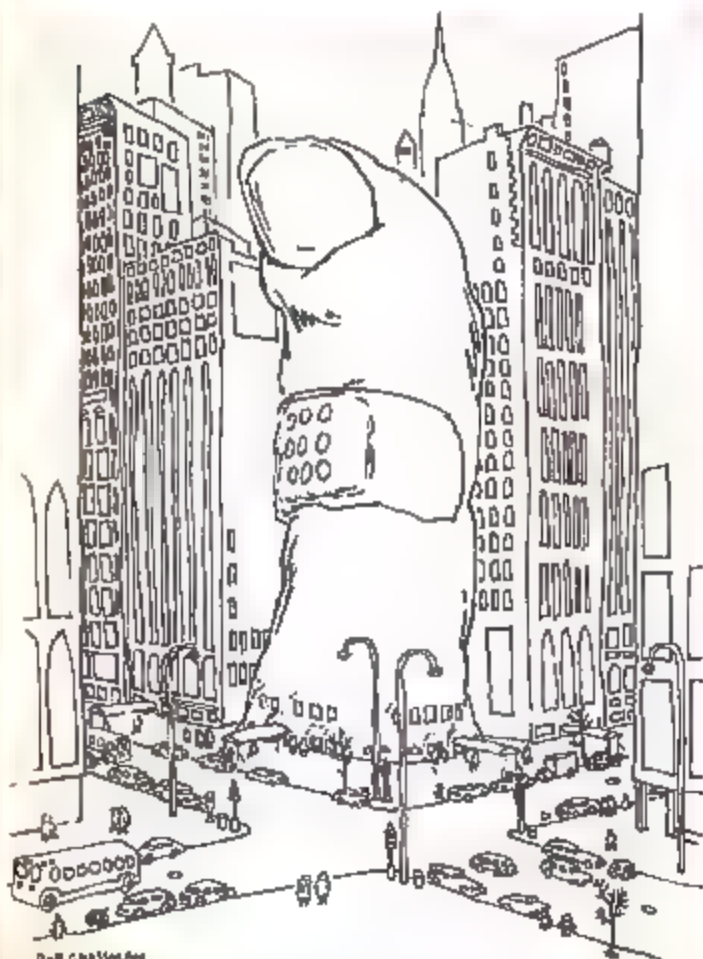
help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a munificent \$5.00 on every inside cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 545 5th Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



Williamson

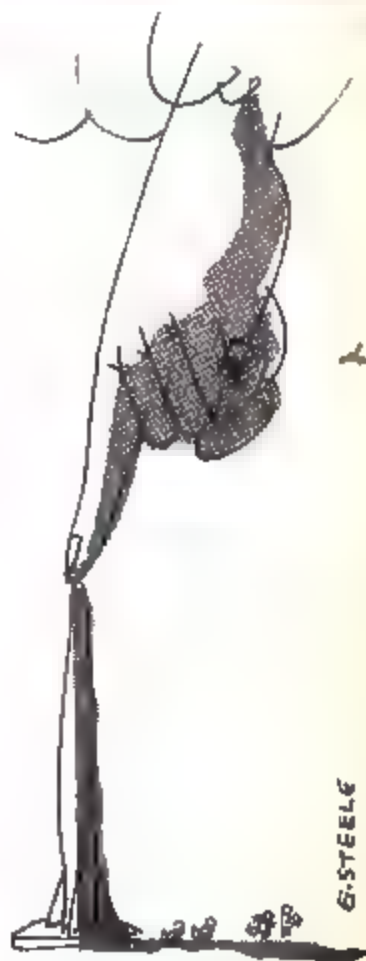
SKIP WILLIAMSON



Bob Crayman

"OF COURSE A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE IT, BUT PERSONALLY I THINK IT STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB."

YALE RECORD



G-STEEL

YALE RECORD



"REPRIVE!"



"AFTER 40 YEARS!"



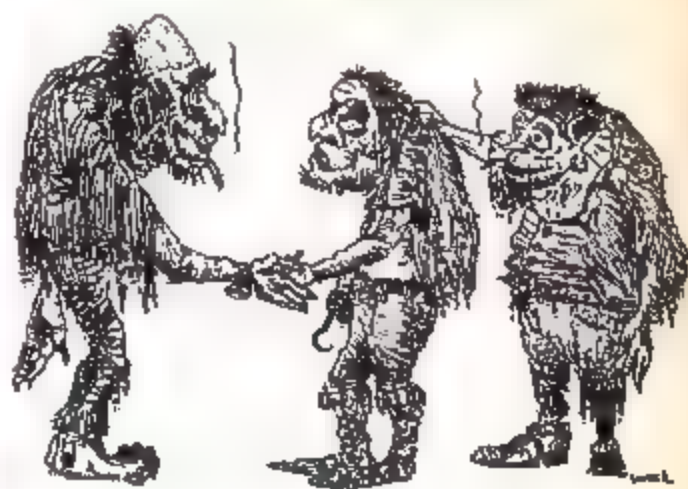
"APRIL FOOL!"

RICHARD WECKLER



"YOU LOOKED BETTER AS THE DOORMAN AT THE HILTON."

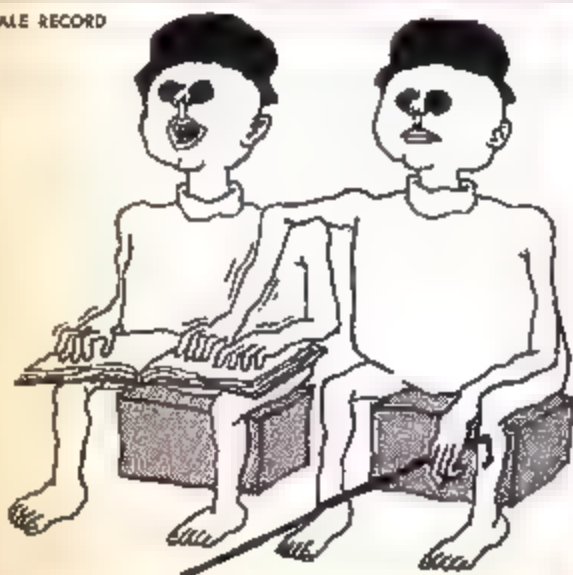
RICHARD WECKLER



"ANY FRIEND OF HARRY'S IS A FRIEND OF MINE."

RICHARD WECKLER

YALE RECORD



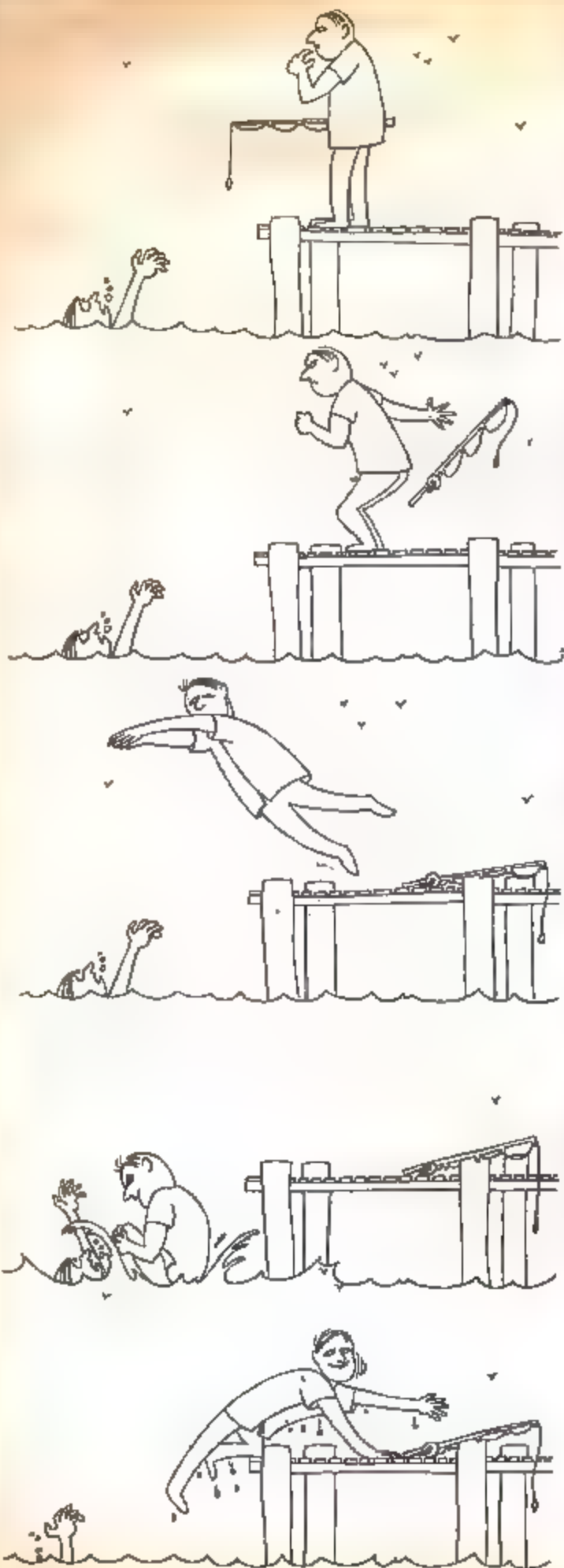
"WOULD YOU MIND NOT READING OVER MY SHOULDER."

YALE RECORD



"HOW ARE WE GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO HILLARY?"

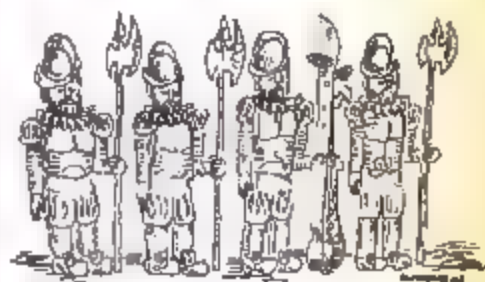
YALE RECORD



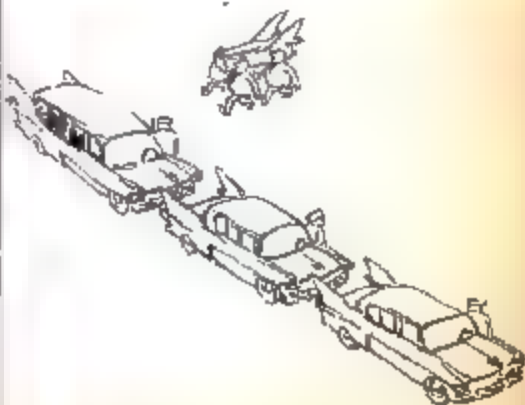
P. A. FLYNN



STEVE SURRYHNE



STEVE SURRYHNE



YALE RECORD

The Crystal Egg

by H. G. Wells



SILVER SERVICE

Chance directed him into the shop. The dirty little place was impenetrably black except in one spot, where he perceived an unusual glow of light. Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg.

There was, until a year ago, a little and very grimy-looking shop near Seven Dials, over which, in weather-worn yellow lettering, the name of "C. Cave, Naturalist and Dealer in Antiquities," was inscribed. The contents of its window were curiously varied. They comprised some elephant tusks and an imperfect set of chessmen, beads and weapons, a box of eyes, two skulls of tigers and one human, several moth-eaten stuffed monkeys (one holding a lamp), an old-fashioned cabinet, a fly-blown ostrich egg or so, some fishing-tackle, and an extraordinarily dirty, empty glass fish-tank. There was also, at the moment the story begins, a mass of crystal, worked into the shape of an egg and brilliantly polished. And at that two people, who stood outside the window, were looking, one of them a tall, thin clergyman, the other a black-bearded young man of dusky complexion and unobtrusive costume. The dusky young man spoke with eager gesticulation, and seemed anxious for his companion to purchase the article.

While they were there, Mr. Cave came into his shop, his beard still wagging with the bread and butter of his tea. When he saw these men and the object of their regard, his countenance fell. He glanced guiltily over his shoulder, and softly shut the door. He was a little old man, with pale face and peculiar watery blue eyes; his hair was a dirty grey, and he wore a shabby blue frock-coat, an ancient silk hat, and carpet slippers very much down at heel. He remained watching the two men as they talked. The clergyman went deep into his trouser pocket, examined a handful of money, and showed his teeth in an agreeable smile. Mr. Cave seemed still more depressed when they came into the shop.

The clergyman, without any ceremony, asked the price of the crystal egg. Mr. Cave glanced nervously towards

the door leading into the parlour, and said five pounds. The clergyman protested that the price was high, to his companion as well as to Mr. Cave—it was, indeed, very much more than Mr. Cave had intended to ask, when he had stocked the article—and an attempt at bargaining ensued. Mr. Cave stepped to the shop-door, and held it open. "Five pounds is my price," he said, as though he wished to save himself the trouble of unprofitable discussion. As he did so, the upper portion of a woman's face appeared above the blind in the glass upper panel of the door leading into the parlour, and stared curiously at the two customers. "Five pounds is my price," said Mr. Cave, with a quiver in his voice.

The swarthy young man had so far remained a spectator, watching Cave keenly. Now he spoke. "Give him five pounds," he said. The clergyman glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and, when he looked at Mr. Cave again, he saw that the latter's face was white. "It's a lot of money," said the clergyman, and, diving into his pocket, began counting his resources. He had little more than thirty shillings, and he appealed to his companion, with whom he seemed to be on terms of considerable intimacy. This gave Mr. Cave an opportunity of collecting his thoughts, and he began to explain in an agitated manner that the crystal was not, as a matter of fact, entirely free for sale. His two customers were naturally surprised at this, and inquired why he had not thought of that before he began to bargain. Mr. Cave became confused, but he stuck to his story, that the crystal was not in the market that afternoon, that a probable purchaser of it had already appeared. The two, treating this as an attempt to

raise the price still further, made as if they would leave the shop. But at this point the parlour door opened, and the owner of the dark fringe and the little eyes appeared.

She was a coarse-featured, corpulent woman, younger and very much larger than Mr. Cave, she walked heavily, and her face was flushed. "That crystal is for sale," she said. "And five pounds is a good enough price for it. I can't think what you're about, Cave, not to take the gentleman's offer!"

Mr. Cave, greatly perturbed by the intrusion, looked angrily at her over the rims of his spectacles, and, without excessive assurance, asserted his right to manage his business in his own way. An altercation began. The two customers watched the scene with interest and some amusement, occasionally assisting Mrs. Cave with suggestions. Mr. Cave, hard driven, persisted in a confused and impossible story of an enquiry for the crystal that morning, and his agitation became painful. But he stuck to his point with extraordinary persistence. It was the young Oriental who ended this curious controversy. He proposed that they should call again in the course of two days—so as to give the alleged enquirer a fair chance. "And then we must insist," said the clergyman. "Five pounds." Mrs. Cave took it on herself to apologise for her husband, explaining that he was sometimes "a little odd," and as the two customers left, the couple prepared for a free discussion of the incident in all its bearings.

Mrs. Cave talked to her husband with singular directness. The poor little man, quivering with emotion, muddled himself between his stories, maintaining on the one

hand that he had another customer in view, and on the other asserting that the crystal was honestly worth ten guineas. "Why did you ask five pounds?" said the wife. "Do let me manage my business my own way!" said Mr. Cave.

Mr. Cave had living with him a step-daughter and a step-son, and at supper that night the transaction was re-discussed. None of them had a high opinion of Mr. Cave's business methods, and this action seemed a culminating folly.

"It's my opinion he's refused that crystal before," said the step-son, a loose-limbed lout of eighteen.

"But *Five Pounds!*" said the step-daughter, an argumentative young woman of six-and-twenty.

Mr. Cave's answers were wretched, he could only mumble weak assertions that he knew his own business best. They drove him from his half-eaten supper into the shop, to close it for the night, his ears aflame and tears of vexation behind his spectacles. "Why had he left the crystal in the window so long? The folly of it!" That was the trouble closest in his mind. For a time he could see no way of evading sale.

After supper his step-daughter and step-son smartened themselves up and went out and his wife retired upstairs to reflect upon the business aspects of the crystal, over a little sugar and lemon and so forth in hot water. Mr. Cave went into the shop, and stayed there until late, ostensibly to make ornamental rockeries for gold-fish cases but really for a private purpose that will be better explained later.



The next day Mrs. Cave found that the crystal had been removed from the window, and was lying behind some second-hand books on angling. She replaced it in a conspicuous position. But she did not argue further about it, as a nervous headache disinclined her from debate. Mr. Cave was always disinclined. The day passed disagreeably. Mr. Cave was, if anything, more absent-minded than usual, and uncommonly irritable withal. In the afternoon, when his wife was taking her customary sleep, he removed the crystal from the window again.

The next day Mr. Cave had to deliver a consignment of dog-fish at one of the hospital schools, where they were needed for dissection. In his absence Mrs. Cave's mind reverted to the topic of the crystal, and the methods of expenditure suitable to a windfall of five pounds. She had already devised some very agreeable expedients, among others a dress of green silk for herself and a trip to Richmond, when a jangling of the front door bell summoned her into the shop. The customer was an examination coach who came to complain of the non-delivery of certain frogs asked for the previous day. Mrs. Cave did not approve of this particular branch of Mr. Cave's business, and the gentleman, who had called in a somewhat aggressive mood, retired after a brief exchange of words—entirely civil so far as he was concerned. Mrs. Cave's eye then naturally turned to the window; for the sight of the crystal was an assurance of the five pounds and of her dreams. What was her surprise to find it gone!

She went to the place behind the locker on the counter,

where she had discovered it the day before. It was not there; and she immediately began an eager search about the shop.

When Mr. Cave returned from his business with the dog-fish, about a quarter to two in the afternoon, he found the shop in some confusion, and his wife, extremely exasperated and on her knees behind the counter, routing among his taxidermic material. Her face came up hot and angry over the counter, as the jangling bell announced his return, and she forthwith accused him of "hiding it."


"Hid *what*?" asked Mr. Cave.

"The crystal!"

At that Mr. Cave, apparently much surprised, rushed to the window. "Isn't it here?" he said. "Great Heavens! what has become of it?"

Just then, Mr. Cave's step-son re-entered the shop from the inner room—he had come home a minute or so before Mr. Cave—and he was blaspheming freely. He was apprenticed to a second-hand furniture dealer down the road, but he had his meals at home, and he was naturally annoyed to find no dinner ready.

But, when he heard of the loss of the crystal, he forgot his meal, and his anger was diverted from his mother to his step-father. Their first idea, of course, was that he had hidden it. But Mr. Cave stoutly denied all knowledge of its fate—freely offering his bedabbled affidavit in the matter—and at last was worked up to a point of accusing, first, his wife and then his step-son of having taken it with a view to a private sale. So began an exceedingly



... and then we'll
smash the Union flank
in Washington
and roll it up
to New York...

... O' course, we may
have a minor delay
at that little crossroads
town of Gettysburg...

acrimonious and emotional discussion, which ended for Mrs. Cave in a peculiar nervous condition midway between hysterics and amuck, and caused the step-son to be half-an-hour late at the furniture establishment in the afternoon. Mr. Cave took refuge from his wife's emotions in the shop.

In the evening the matter was resumed, with less passion and in a judicial spirit, under the presidency of the step-daughter. The supper passed unhappily and culminated in a painful scene. Mr. Cave gave way at last to extreme exasperation, and went out banging the front door violently. The rest of the family, having discussed him with the freedom his absence warranted, hunted the house from garret to cellar, hoping to light upon the crystal.

The next day the two customers called again. They were received by Mrs. Cave almost in tears. It transpired that no one *could* imagine all that she had stood from Cave at various times in her married pilgrimage. . . She also gave a garbled account of the disappearance. The clergyman and the Oriental laughed silently at one another, and said it was very extraordinary. As Mrs. Cave seemed disposed to give them the complete history of his life they made to leave the shop. Thereupon Mrs. Cave, still clinging to hope, asked for the clergyman's address, so that, if she could get anything out of Cave, she might communicate it. The address was duly given, but apparently was afterwards mislaid. Mrs. Cave can remember nothing about it.

In the evening of that day, the Caves seem to have ex-

hausted their emotions, and Mr. Cave, who had been out in the afternoon, supped in a gloomy isolation that contrasted pleasantly with the impassioned controversy of the previous days. For some time matters were very badly strained in the Cave household, but neither crystal nor customer reappeared.

Now, without mining the matter, we must admit that Mr. Cave was a liar. He knew perfectly well where the crystal was. It was in the rooms of Mr. Jacoby Wace, Assistant Demonstrator at St. Catherine's Hospital, Westbourne Street. It stood on the sideboard partially covered by a black velvet-cloth, and beside a decanter of American whisky. It is from Mr. Wace, indeed, that the particulars upon which this narrative is based were derived. Cave had taken off the thing to the hospital hidden in the dog-fish sack, and there had pressed the young investigator to keep it for him. Mr. Wace was a little dubious at first. His relationship to Cave was peculiar. He had a taste for singular characters, and he had more than once invited the old man to smoke and drink in his rooms, and to unfold his rather amusing views of life in general and of his wife in particular. Mr. Wace had encountered Mrs. Cave, too, on occasions when Mr. Cave was not at home to attend to him. He knew the constant interference to which Cave was subjected, and having weighed the story judicially, he decided to give the crystal a refuge. Mr. Cave promised to explain the reasons for his remarkable affection for the crystal more fully on a later occasion, but he spoke distinctly of seeing visions therein. He called on



Mr Wace the same evening.

He told a complicated story. The crystal he said had come into his possession with other oddments at the forced sale of another curiosity dealer's effects, and not knowing what its value might be, he had ticketed it at ten shillings. It had hung upon his hands at that price for some months, and he was thinking of "reducing the figure," when he made a singular discovery.

At that time his health was very bad—and it must be borne in mind that, throughout all this experience, his physical condition was one of ebb—and he was in considerable distress by reason of the negligence, the positive ill-treatment even, he received from his wife and step-children. His wife was vain, extravagant, unfeeling, and had a growing taste for private drinking; his step-daughter was mean and overreaching, and his step-son had conceived a violent dislike for him, and lost no chance of showing it. The requirements of his business pressed heavily upon him, and Mr Wace does not think that he was altogether free from occasional intemperance. He had begun life in a comfortable position, he was a man of fair education, and he suffered, for weeks at a stretch, from melancholia and insomnia. Afraid to disturb his family, he would slip quietly from his wife's side, when his thoughts became intolerable, and wander about the house. And about three o'clock one morning, late in August, chance directed him into the shop.

The dirty little place was impenetrably black except in one spot, where he perceived an unusual glow of light.

Approaching this, he discovered it to be the crystal egg, which was standing on the corner of the counter towards the window. A thin ray smote through a crack in the shutters, impinged upon the object, and seemed as it were to fill its entire interior.

It occurred to Mr. Cave that this was not in accordance with the laws of optics as he had known them in his younger days. He could understand the rays being refracted by the crystal and coming to a focus in its interior, but this diffusion jarred with his physical conceptions. He approached the crystal nearly, peering into it and round it, with a transient revival of the scientific curiosity that in his youth had determined his choice of a calling. He was surprised to find the light not steady, but writhing within the substance of the egg, as though that object was a hollow sphere of some luminous vapour. In moving about to get different points of view, he suddenly found that he had come between it and the ray, and that the crystal none the less remained luminous. Greatly astonished, he lifted it out of the light ray and carried it to the darkest part of the shop. It remained bright for some four or five minutes, when it slowly faded and went out. He placed it in the thin streak of daylight, and its luminousness was almost immediately restored.

So far, at least, Mr. Wace was able to verify the remarkable story of Mr. Cave. He has himself repeatedly held this crystal in a ray of light (which had to be of a less diameter than one millimetre). And in a perfect darkness, such as could be produced by velvet wrapping, the crystal did undoubtedly appear very faintly phosphorescent. It



would seem, however, that the luminousness was of some exceptional sort, and not equally visible to all eyes, for Mr. Harbinger—whose name will be familiar to the scientific reader in connection with the Pasteur Institute—was quite unable to see any light whatever. And Mr. Wace's own capacity for its appreciation was out of comparison inferior to that of Mr. Cave's. Even with Mr. Cave the power varied very considerably, his vision was most vivid during states of extreme weakness and fatigue.

Now from the outset this light in the crystal exercised an irresistible fascination upon Mr. Cave. And it says more for his loneliness of soul than a volume of pathetic writings could do, that he told no human being of his curious observations. He seems to have been living in such an atmosphere of petty spite that to admit the existence of a pleasure would have been to risk the loss of it. He found that as the dawn advanced, and the amount of diffused light increased, the crystal became to all appearance non-luminous. And for some time he was unable to see anything in it, except at night-time, in dark corners of the shop.

But the use of an old velvet cloth, which he used as a background for a collection of minerals, occurred to him, and by doubling this, and putting it over his head and hands, he was able to get a sight of the luminous movement within the crystal even in the day-time. He was very cautious lest he should be thus discovered by his wife, and he practised this occupation only in the afternoons, while she was asleep upstairs, and then circumspectly in a hollow under the counter. And one day, turning the crystal about in his hands, he saw something. It came and went like a flash, but it gave him the impression that the object had for a moment opened to him the view of a wide and spacious and strange country, and, turning it about, he did, just as the light faded, see the same vision again.

Now, it would be tedious and unnecessary to state all the phases of Mr. Cave's discovery from this point. Suffice that the effect was this: the crystal, being peered into at an angle of about 137 degrees from the direction of the illuminating ray, gave a clear and consistent picture of a wide and peculiar country-side. It was not dream-like at all; it produced a definite impression of reality, and the better the light the more real and solid it seemed. It was a moving picture, that is to say, certain objects moved in it, but slowly in an orderly manner like real things, and, according as the direction of the lighting and vision changed, the picture changed also. It must, indeed, have been like looking through an oval glass at a view, and turning the glass about to get at different aspects.

Mr. Cave's statements, Mr. Wace assures me, were extremely circumstantial, and entirely free from any of that emotional quality that taints hallucinatory impressions. But it must be remembered that all the efforts of Mr. Wace to see any similar clarity in the faint opalescence of the crystal were wholly unsuccessful, try as he would. The difference in intensity of the impressions received by the two men was very great, and it is quite conceivable that what was a view to Mr. Cave was a mere blurred nebulousity to Mr. Wace.

The view, as Mr. Cave described it, was invariably of an extensive plain, and he seemed always to be looking

at it from a considerable height, as if from a tower or a mast. To the east and to the west the plain was bounded at a remote distance by vast reddish cliffs, which reminded him of those he had seen in some picture; but what the picture was Mr. Wace was unable to ascertain. These cliffs passed north and south—he could tell the points of the compass by the stars that were visible of a night—receding in an almost illimitable perspective and fading into the mists of the distance before they met. He was nearer the eastern set of cliffs, on the occasion of his first vision the sun was rising over them, and black against the sunlight and pale against their shadow appeared a multitude of soaring forms that Mr. Cave regarded as birds. A vast range of buildings spread below him; he seemed to be looking down upon them, and, as they approached the blurred and refracted edge of the picture, they became indistinct. There were also trees curious in shape, and in colouring, a deep mossy green and an exquisite grey, beside a wide and shining canal. And something great and brilliantly coloured flew across the picture. But the first time Mr. Cave saw these pictures he saw only in flashes, his hands shook, his head moved, the vision came and went, and grew foggy and indistinct. And at first he had the greatest difficulty in finding the picture again once the direction of it was lost.

His first clear vision, which came about a week after the first, the interval having yielded nothing but tantalising glimpses and some useful experience, showed him the view down the length of the valley. The view was different, but he had a curious persuasion, which his subsequent observation abundantly confirmed, that he was regarding this strange world from exactly the same spot, although he was looking in a different direction. The long façade of the great building, whose roof he had looked down upon before, was now receding in perspective. He recognised the roof. In the front of the façade was a terrace of massive proportions and extraordinary length, and down the middle of the terrace, at certain intervals, stood huge but very graceful masts, bearing small shiny objects which reflected the setting sun. The import of these small objects did not occur to Mr. Cave until some time after, as he was describing the scene to Mr. Wace. The terrace overhung a thicket of the most luxuriant and graceful vegetation, and beyond this was a wide grassy lawn on which certain broad creatures, in form like beetles but enormously larger, reposed. Beyond this again was a richly decorated causeway of pinkish stone, and beyond that, and lined with dense red weeds, and passing up the valley exactly parallel with the distant cliffs, was a broad and mirror-like expanse of water. The air seemed full of squadrons of great birds, manoeuvring in stately curves, and across the river was a multitude of splendid buildings, richly coloured and glittering with metallic tracery and facets, among a forest of moss-like and lichenous trees. And suddenly something flapped repeatedly across the vision, like the fluttering of a jewelled fan or the beating of a wing, and a face, or rather the upper part of a face with very large eyes, came as it were close to his own and as if on the other side of the crystal. Mr. Cave was so startled and so impressed by the absolute reality of these eyes, that he drew his head back from the crystal to look

continued on page 54

THE HERO WHO DIDN'T GET RESCUED



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11

THE PRIVATE EYE WHO WAS WRONG



WHO EVER
COMES TO GET
THIS EVIDENCE IS
OUR MAN!



NOT NOW! I
HEAR SOMEONE
COMING



WRONG MAN!
THIS ONE SIGNED
A CONFESSION!



COME,
FATHER
DEAR



THE HERO WHO FAILED TO BLOW UP THE FORTRESS



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12

Intendant

21



Indecent Exposure: How to write a best-selling autobiography *

I'm going to show you
how to write a best-selling
autobiography EVEN THOUGH
YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED
AN IOTA OF HONEST DEGRADATION!

BY GEORGE KIRGO

Autobiographies have been in demand for centuries, ever since Dante put out his Divine Comedy. I feel it only fair to tell you, however, that today they're best sellers for one special reason: THEY SPILL THE BEANS!

They're sagas of sin, sung by the sinners themselves. Madams, murderers, alcoholics, rapists, con-men, drug addicts - these are our new literary lions. Their true-life stories make Studs Lonigan read like The Power of Positive Thinking.

Faulkner? Just a Nobel Prize-winning sissy compared to Polly Adler. And if Erskine Caldwell really wants to know about the seamy side of life, why doesn't he come up north and talk to Lillian Roth?

It's the same with magazines. Scandal mongers like Confidential easily outsell Boy's Life. What boy worthy of the name wants to read about his own life (continued)

* From *How To Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now in Your Spare Time and Become the First Author on Your Block Unless There's an Author Already Living on Your Block in Which Case You'll Become the Second Author on Your Block and That's Okay Too and Other Stories* by George Kirgo, which includes chapters on "How's Your Sex, Manuel?: How To Write a Best-Selling Marriage Guide," "The Name Is Chatterley—and I'm No Lady: How to Write a Banned Best-Seller" and other goodies.

when he can find out all about Frank Sinatra's?

Even those sweet movie-fan magazines are different. Gone are articles like "How I Keep Myself Dainty" by Broderick Crawford. In their place you'll discover uninhibited revelations, such as the one written by Lassie—"I Wanted to Be a Bitch!"

In her trail-blazing *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, Lillian Roth tells us that at the age of five she had her thighs painted by a perfect stranger. Eventually she became a dipsomaniac.

Her autobiography is so graphic a picture of her own debasement that she could've sued herself for defamation of character.

Nymphomania was another popular affliction. The ladies who wrote of this malady claimed they'd picked it up from men.

My Story, Mary Astor's, was written on the advice of her psychiatrist. And it reads as if she'd used his notes from her sessions on the couch.

Who can blame her? Miss Astor's best-seller probably paid for all her doctor bills. Maybe that was what her analyst had in mind.

It's been alleged that many of these confessionals were subsidized by Susan Hayward, so she'd have first crack at playing the parts in the movies.

To avoid type-casting, however, she's planning to branch out. There's a possibility she'll do the film version of Christine Jorgensen's autobiography, in which the title

role will be played by both Miss Hayward and Gregory Peck.

Another poignant memoir was *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep* by "Pappy" Boyington. He was the war ace who took to drink because he couldn't adjust to peacetime life. Fortunately he was cured, and not a minute too soon. His friends were about to start another war so he'd perk up.

In his all too brief screen career, the late Errol Flynn numbered among his sensitive portrayals such legendary lovers as Don Juan, Casanova and John Barrymore.

In *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*—his legendary life story—we find that Flynn took his roles quite seriously. He was a painstaking researcher. Before he assumed the guise of Casanova, for instance, he spared no exertion to acquaint himself intimately with the problems that must have confronted that poor devil, hounded as he was by insatiable women seeking his favors.

In fact Flynn spent so much of his time engaged in research—of one kind or another—that you wonder how he ever found a minute to write about it.

Rocky Graziano, Gypsy Rose Lee, Zsa Zsa Gabor—the trend continues. The time is ripe for your own awful autobiography. But you must act *now*. Book buyers are a fickle group and you never know when they'll suddenly decide to give up alcohol, narcotics, promiscuity and other such pastimes—in their reading anyway.

Remember TELL ALL.

WEEP, AND THE WORLD WEEPS WITH YOU
HOLD NOTHING BACK, AND NOTHING CAN
HOLD YOU BACK.



You hesitate. I think I know why. You're afraid that your life lacks the drama that spiked the lives of a Diana Barrymore or a Rocky Graziano.

Of course it does. Whose life doesn't?

Take me, for example. Before I wrote my novel, I too had contemplated doing an autobiography—my own, in fact. However, when I let my whole life pass in front of me (while swimming and managing to go down for the third time), I realized that it could hardly be called lurid.

I've never been a Communist. I've never even been a Republican or a Democrat. I've never been an alcoholic, a drug addict, a homosexual (please, don't tell me my childhood crushes on Richard Dix and André Gide *mean* anything).

My only sin is that I once was a contestant on a fixed quiz show. I'm sure it was fixed because I lost \$75 of my own money.

I certainly can't claim the wealth of incident that you find, for example, in Mary Astor's book. Why, do you know that at the age of seventeen she had her first affair—with John Barrymore? Nothing like that ever happened to me. I don't even know Ethel.

And that's why I wrote a novel instead of an autobiography. Don't you make the same mistake?

After all, not all of us can be former alcoholics or drug addicts. That does *not* mean you're beyond redemption. **EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER SINNED AT ALL, YOU CAN STILL BE SAVED!**

Don't misunderstand. I'm not suggesting that you take up a life of sin *now*. To me, there's nobody more disgust-

ing than a teetotaler who starts boozing it up just to write a best seller.

You can try this if you want to. But you leave yourself open to the charge that your alcoholism was insincere.

Also, you run the risk of failure. What if your liver doesn't hold out? Then where's your best seller?

No, synthetic sin never got anybody anywhere. The only sin worth a nickel is *sincere* sin.

Where does that leave you with your spotless past? Relax. I'm going to show you how to write a best-selling autobiography **EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED AN IOTA OF HONEST DEGRADATION!**

Parental discord, a drunken father, a promiscuous mother, pre-marital sex, drug addiction, alcoholism, marital sex, mental unbalance—yes, all these autobiographical necessities *can be yours!* **EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A PLAIN, ORDINARY, PURE PERSON!**

What's more amazing is that you'll be telling the truth! Maybe not the *whole* truth, yet nothing *but* the truth.

How? Ever hear of *poetic license*?

To show you what I mean, I've composed an imaginary autobiography, the story of an everyday, clean-living, boring human being. **IT COULD BE YOU!**

The autobiography appears in the left-hand column. In the right-hand column you'll find the facts. A single quick reading will illustrate how the simple, prosaic details of your own drab existence can be converted into an exciting and sordid best seller.



(Note: I've made our subject a woman only for purposes of Susan Hayward.)

They Called Me Rotten

Tomorrow I shall be leaving St. Botolph's.

Little did I realize, when I entered the gates at the foot of Krafft-Ebing Hill, that my stay at St. Botolph's would extend beyond the New Year.

But on that dismal day six weeks ago I was hardly capable of clear thought. To be perfectly honest, I was absolutely miserable. All I can remember of that wretched afternoon is the deep stabbing pain that kept flashing through my breasts, my great breasts.

My life at St. Botolph's has been a revelation. I've discovered so many things I never knew before.

It hasn't been all sweetness and light. Some days I felt the world was a steaming mass of filth.

Then one glorious day everything changed. An oppressing load was lifted from my weary shoulders.

How did it all begin? How did I come to St. Botolph's? I was born.

My first memory is of peeking out the window and seeing my father careen down the street and topple into the bushes beside our mailbox.

My mother rushed out to help him, pulling him up as he sheepishly gazed at her. "I see you managed to hold onto the bottle!" said Mother. Sure enough, there it was, clutched to his chest. Oh, Daddy!

Miss Framing, my nursery-school teacher, asked me to repair the hooks in the cloak room. If she hadn't I never would have gone home for the hook-repairer. And there in the foyer was Mother—in the arms of another man! They hugged each other, exchanged fond looks, pressed their cheeks together. They never noticed me.

At breakfast I had the feeling something was different, something was missing. "Where's Daddy?" I asked my mother. "Your . . . daddy's gone," she sobbed softly. "Gone, gone, gone!"

My first date! A thrill passed through my breasts, my great breasts. Jim was a sweet boy, a perfect gentleman—so I thought! Then, as we parked in front of my house, he became an utter madman! "You've got to, you must!" he demanded. "No!" I shrieked. "I'm not

*That's Your Name
—Doris Rotten*

*You've been
working there*

*It was supposed
to be a tempo-
rary job just
through
Christmas.*

*You'd stuffed
yourself with
Thanksgiving
turkey.*

*And too many
scaloped
oysters.*

*You discovered
who St.
Botolph was.*

*You worked
in the laundry.*

*They bought an
automatic
washer-dryer
combination.*

*It was a sleety
day. The walks
were icy and
—boom!*

*Despite the
inclement
weather, your
father had gone
out for a
quart of milk.*

*It was your
uncle Harold,
your mother's
only brother,
home after
eight years in
New Jersey.*

*It was 1941
He'd been
drafted*

that kind of girl." The more I resisted, the more frantic Jim got. I felt my resistance slipping away. "All right," I said. "But . . . please . . . be . . . careful." And I let him.

"Come on, Doris," Harry pleaded. "You'll get a real charge out of it." "But I've never done it before," I said. "Okay," Harry said snarling, "forgot it." "Please," I said, "don't be peeved." "Well, darn!" he said sensitively. I held the needle before my curious eyes. "All right," I said. "Just for you, Harry." And then I took the needle and . . .

I was hooked. Men knew it. They knew how to take advantage of me. What was worse, I couldn't say no.

Frank led me into the darkness, his arm tight around my waist, beneath my breasts, my great breasts. We sat and then . . . I was lost, swept away in a current of passion. Time and space held no meaning. Nothing held no meaning . . . only: "Drink 'er down, baby! Chug-a-lug!" "But I'm so dizzy." "Here. Take it. On the rocks." "No more, please. I don't feel . . . very . . . well." And then it was over. But the next morning I knew I had to have more . . . and more . . . and more!

"It's a monkey on my back, too," said Frank. "Why don't we try to lick it together?" And so we were married. For a while it was fine. We had each other and it seemed that was all we'd ever need. I was so happy. I was even able to give up the needle. I hid it in the broom closet and forgot about it.

"You've got to help me, Doris! You must!" It was Harry and he was in bad shape. We were in the kitchen, alone. I was terrified. Frank was upstairs, asleep. But what if he were to awake? Still, I couldn't refuse Harry. I found the needle in the broom closet. "Quick, honey!" Harry begged. "Take them off," I said. "It's easier that way." "Okay," he said. "Now. Do it honey, do it!" In a moment it was all over. "Oh, honey," Harry whispered, "you're terrific! You really know how to do it!" "Please, Harry," I said. "You must go now." I hurried him out the back door just as the kitchen door opened. Frank! Without a word he stepped to the refrigerator and took out the ice tray. Why didn't he say something?

*You let him
harrow
your car*

*You darned
Harry's socks.*

*You darned
everybody's
socks.*

*You were
seeing your first
Susan Hayward
movie.*

*You've been a
Susan Hayward
fan ever since.*

*He was vice-
president of
the local Susan
Hayward
fan club.*

*Of course
Frank's socks
got to be pretty
ragged.*

*Getting ready
for a late date,
he'd discovered
holes in his only
pair of socks.*

*Frank loved
ice cubes.*

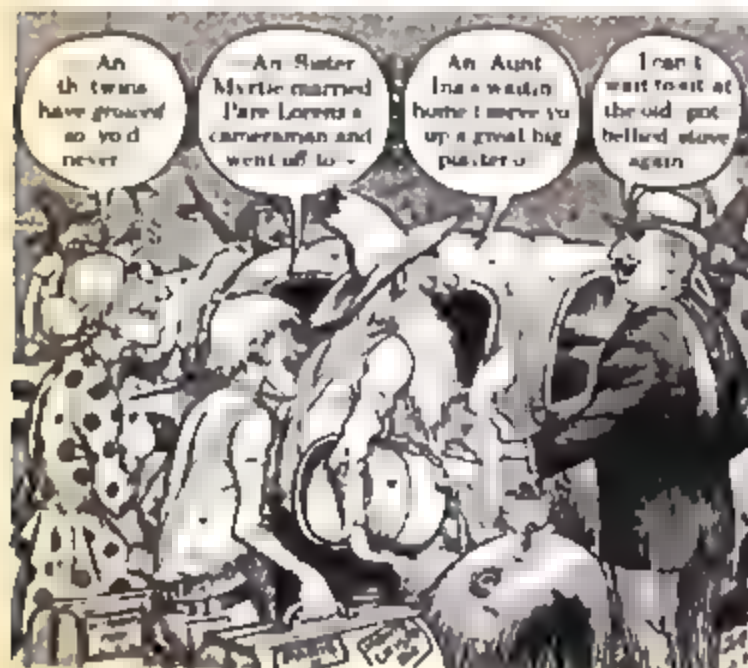
continued on page 34

DOPGATCH REVISITED

BY Ed Finher and Will Elder

SOCIETY NOTES

SOCIETY NOTES.
KUNE BISSELL, AUTHOR
TO VISIT OZARK KIN.

[illegible][illegible]



If we
come
out I'll
hear
a-gather
in for each
a long
spell - or
kiss

Been too busy
trying to keep up with
the latest & demand for
backwoods humor - doing
lyrics for hillbilly ballads
- technical advising for
the masses. Yes, these
have been good
years

But suddenly
I've felt the need to
refresh my sources again
- Tastes are changing,
you know. One of my
editors actually had the
nerve to tell me I
couldn't use that
gag again -



- That
gag about
you people
here still
disturbing Abe
Lincoln is
preposterous

What
Whah th
man's tetchad!
Ah ve laughed
myself hand off at
that joke a hun
dred times

Yeah!
Who's think
you editor
think he is -
a culty oval
communist or
something?

He
carry on
like that,
Ed Morrow'd
as so say
him sho'
nuff!



Ah, some
quaint delightful
countryside - some
luscious scrub pines
- some charming
village roads

Some crooked
Highway Commish
not those why Hamt
re-paved a pot hole
since he got 'lected
back in '39



- Some
old barn
at the foot
of Hamlet
Hill

Yep, College
kids worked all these
June antiquities up
They used it now in
a Summer Stock
Theater



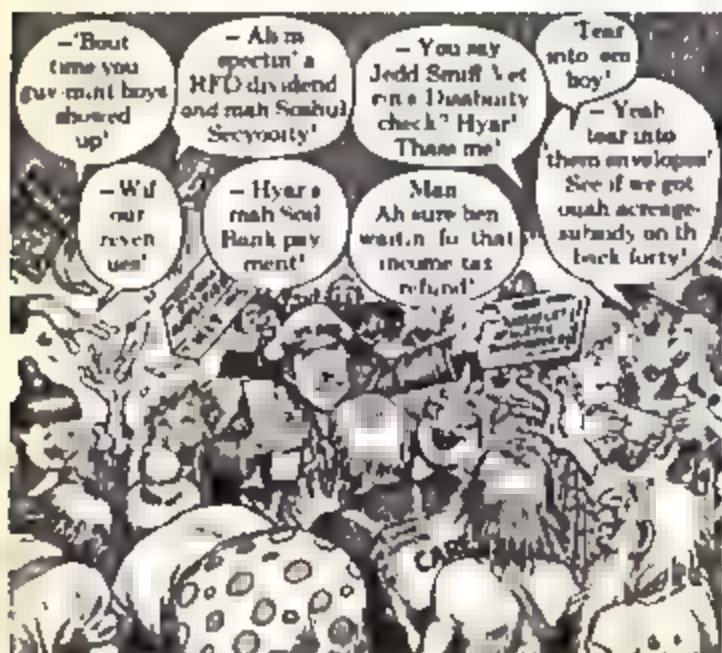
Dear old
Main Street -
not where a McClure's
General Store - and
the Red Lion
Inn used to be

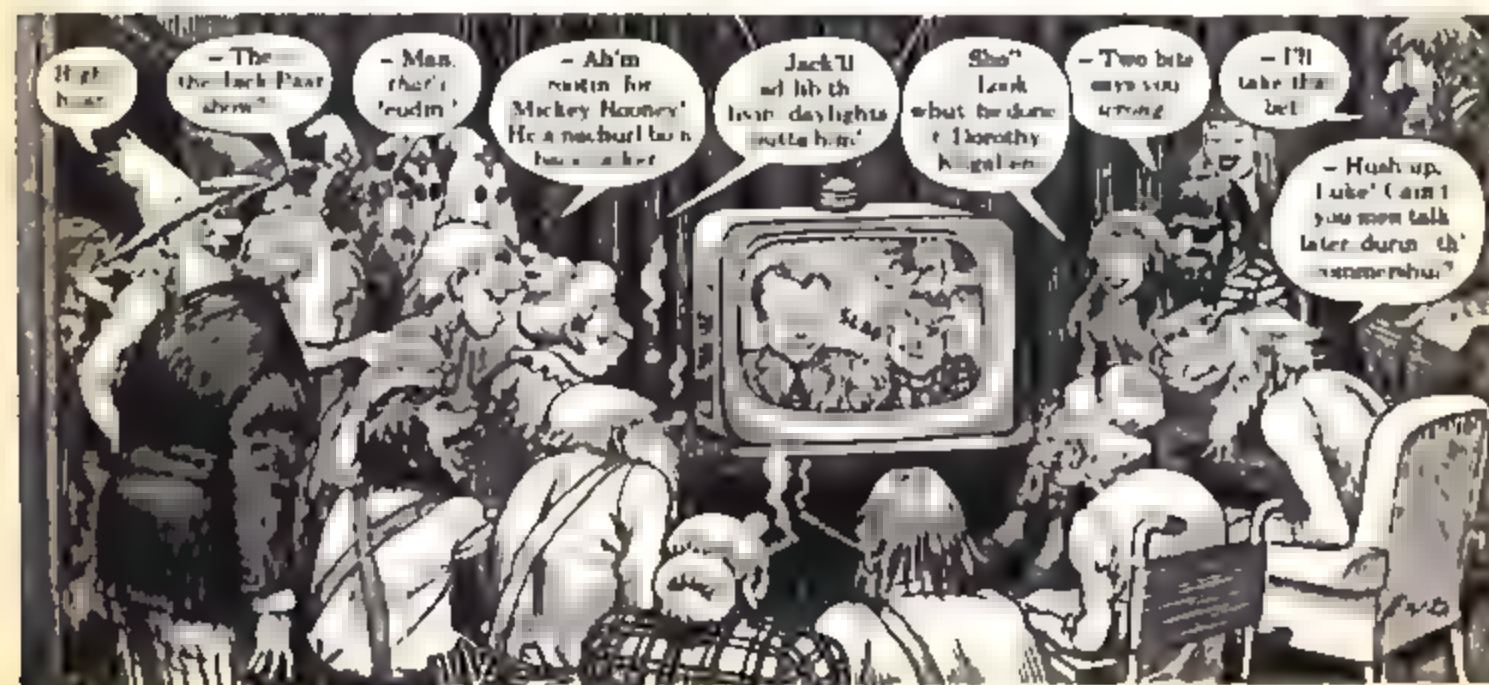
McClure's
been run outta
town, th' ol' one -
caught him givin' out
phony Confederate
green stamps

Radio
we got a new
Abraham & Strauss
branch store over
th' shopping
center

Th' Red
Lion Inn
been re-modded!
It's a cafe now
just now







WOHLNUTS

WATCH IT
HERBIE.



Y'KNOW, SUCCESS
REALLY TAKES
A LOT OUT OF
YOU.



CONGRATULATIONS
IT'S LOVELY



IT'S A NICE
PLACE TO VISIT,
BUT I WOULDN'T
WANT TO LIVE HERE



THINK



IT'S A
TRAP.

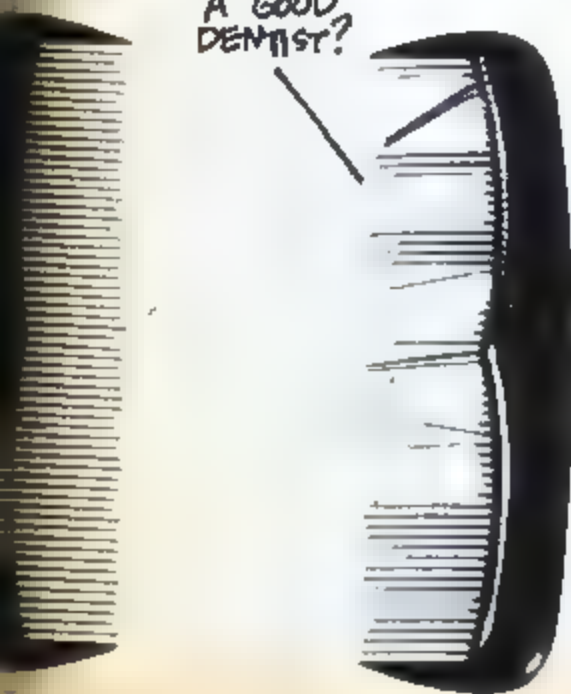


DRED



DON'T DENY IT
LEROY.
YOU KNOW YOU
MARRIED ME FOR
MY MONEY.

TELL ME HOWARD,
DO YOU KNOW
A GOOD
DENTIST?



INDECENT EXPOSURE *continued from page 26*

"Want one?" he said, holding the ice tray aloft. "Not . . . not now," I managed. With a shrug, he left the kitchen. Oh, dear heaven, had Frank heard Harry and me? Had he been listening at the door when Harry and I — Harry and I! Our conversation! "Quick, honey!" "Take them off. It's easier that way" . . . "Okay. Now Do it honey, do it!" "Oh, honey, you're terrific. You really know how to do it!" I rushed upstairs, but Frank was already asleep.

When I woke the next morning and reached over to kiss Frank to me . . . the bed was half empty. Frank was gone. Gone, gone, gone!

Thanksgiving without Frank was the worst agony of all. We'd had so much fun — stuffing ourselves with turkey, dressing, scalloped oysters—which never agreed with me, but I ate them to please Frank. Now I was alone. And I was exhausted. I hadn't slept a wink all night. Then I thought if Frank were here, what would he want me to do? I knew at once! I hurried to the neighborhood bar-and-grill and recklessly I downed their Thanksgiving Day Special, one after another! Finally, I was groggy. The bartender gave me the check. I gasped! I didn't have that kind of money! He sneered. He'd heard that story before. "Please," I said. "Couldn't I do something, wash dishes, anything?" The bartender's eyes narrowed and one of them winked. "Yeah," he said. "Maybe you could do something." "What . . . would you like me to do?" I asked, my heart sinking. And then he sat down beside me, close to me, and told me what he wanted me to do. He spared no detail. Disgusted and horrified, I cringed on my stool. But how could I refuse? "All right," I said. The bartender smiled and then there was a great stabbing pain slashing across my breasts, my great breasts.

The next thing I knew I was at St. Botolph's.

Tomorrow I shall be leaving St. Botolph's. When Frank is discharged from the Army, perhaps the things I've learned here can help us make a new life together.

It won't be easy. After all, we are not wealthy. But I think I know how to get some money—easy money, lots of it. Perhaps it's wrong to degrade my-

Sure, Frank had heard. But, having shared a locker at the golf club with Harry, he knew that Harry was remiss about clipping the nails of his big toes and as a result his socks always had holes. So Frank figured you were darning them for him.

It was 1951. He had been drafted.

You'd been to an all-night Susan Hayward Film Festival.

Turkey with all the fixin's.

The bartender's brother ran the laundry at St. Botolph's and had asked him to find some temporary help.

You'd never had a job before.

Those scalloped oysters.

Up to your ears in soap suds.

You want to open your own laundry.

You'll write your autobiography.

self in such a way, but other people have done it. I can, too. I must.

THE END

THANK GOD!

There it is. The autobiography of a typical human being—mediocre, commonplace and dull. Couldn't it be you?

What happened to her has happened, in one way or another, to all of us. Only the names have been changed.

You say I've stacked the cards? That very few of you, for example, have worked in mental hospitals? Agreed. Mental hospitals are notoriously understaffed.

But what makes you think St. Botolph's is a mental hospital? Does our imaginary author say it is? For all we know, it's St. Botolph's Orphanage. Or St. Botolph's Inn. Or St. Botolph's Stadium.

Krafft-Ebing Hill bothers you. Good. It's supposed to. Yet the world is full of Krafft-Ebings, Krafft-Ebings who never heard of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Maybe this hill is named after Big Dave Krafft-Ebing, stellar first baseman for the old New York Highlanders back at the turn of the century. That would account for St. Botolph's being a stadium.

No, there is nothing outlandish about this girl's life. We've all had fathers who slipped on icy sidewalks and courageously held on to the groceries. We've all had uncles visit us after long absences. And surely we've all had loved ones depart for the service, particularly in these troubled times.

Didn't we all know a boy who couldn't afford his own car? Aren't we acquainted with men and women who neglect their big-toe nails?

And don't turn up your nose at the laundry business. Thousands and thousands of people make their living that way. Risk their hands with harsh detergents to whiten and brighten the linen you've soiled! Besides, she'll never open that laundry. With the money she makes from her autobiography, she won't need to. She'll really clean up!

Believe me, nothing this girl did is one bit more uninteresting than what you've done.

Now it's your turn. I guarantee that, if you faithfully follow the example of her autobiography, you'll have no trouble making your own story just as lurid and repulsive.

One final word of caution.

After your best seller has been published and the hair-raising details of your life are revealed, you'll probably receive numerous letters and telephone calls of a suggestive nature. Then again, you may want to make new friends. But be careful.

Also, some of your less understanding neighbors may snub you at the supermarket or bowling alley. They may even forbid their children to play with your children.

If this occurs, there's only one thing you can do about it: MOVE.

More than likely you'll still be the first author on the block where you try to build a new life.

END

From *How To Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now in Your Spare Time and Become the First Author on Your Block Unless There's an Author Already Living on Your Block In Which Case You'll Become the Second Author on Your Block and That's Okay Too and Other Stories* by George Kirgo. Copyright 1960 by Simon and Schuster. Reprinted by permission of the author.



With pen and ink and Arnold Roth in

Berlin



Roth at the border.



The eyes of the world are on Berlin. **HELP!** sent fine artist-satirist Arnold Roth for an on-the-hot-spot look at the Berlin Problem. Here is his report.

continued

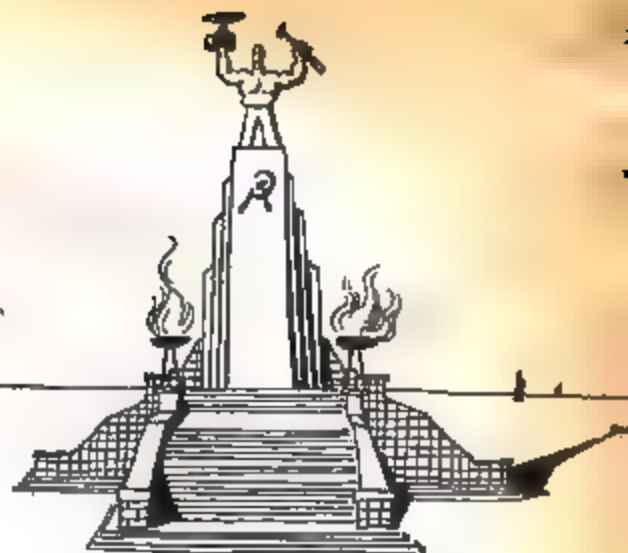


West
Ber-ners,
despite
precarious
situation
are prosperous
and happy —

East
Ber-ners,
though not
as prosperous . .

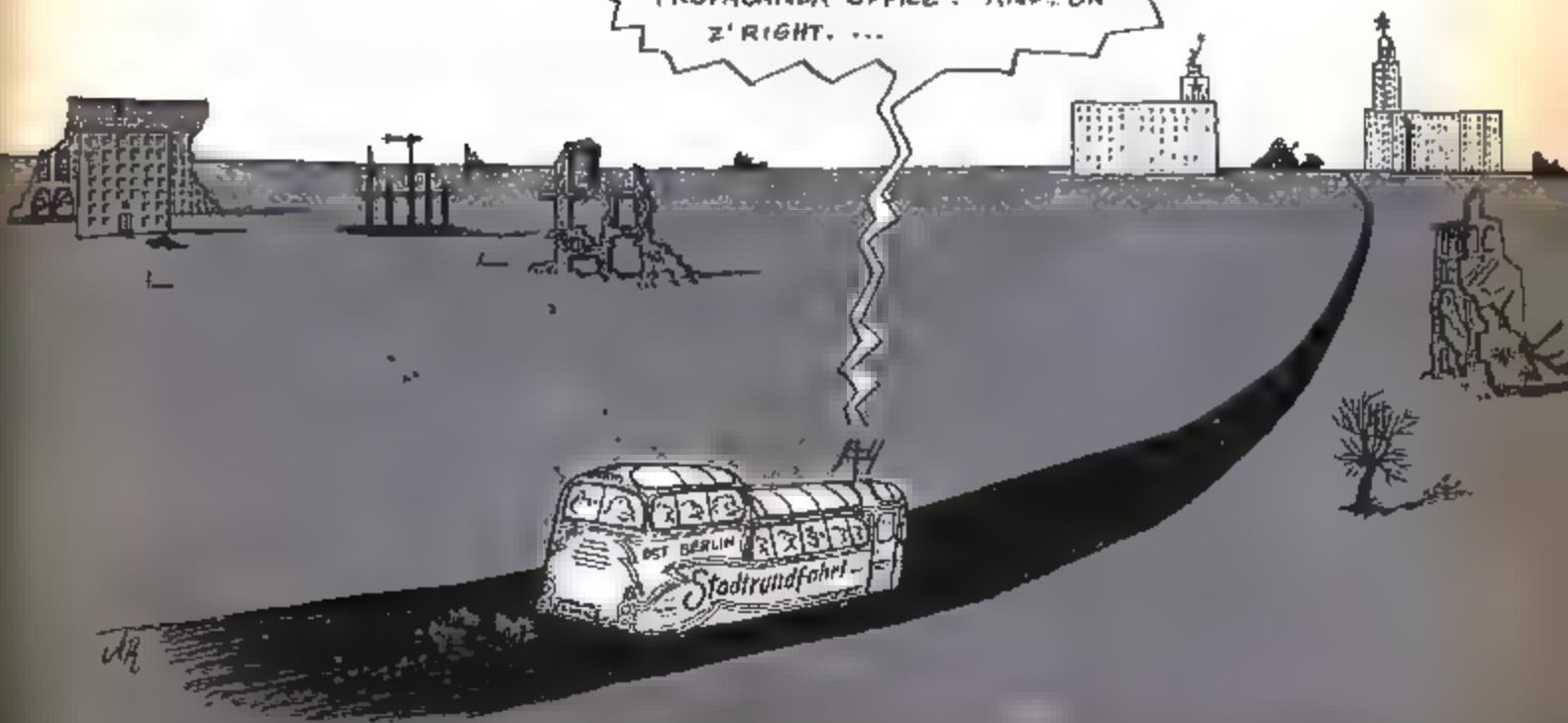
. . seem
also to be
happy

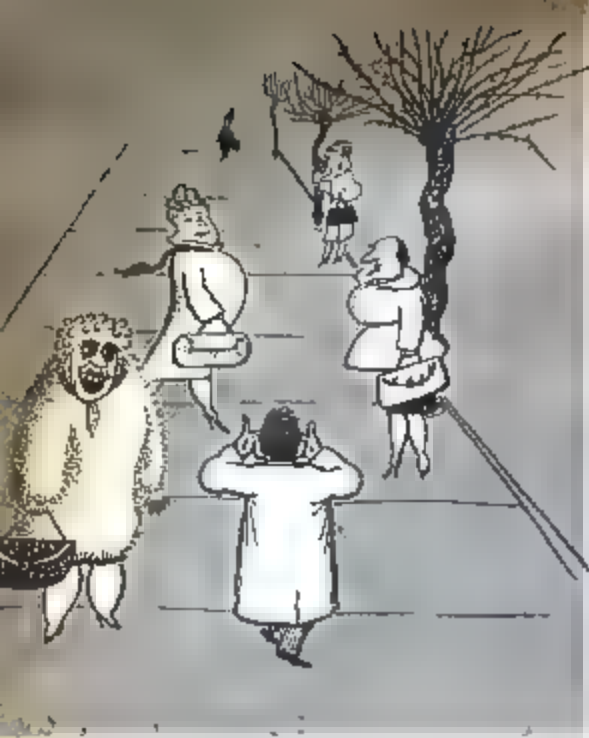




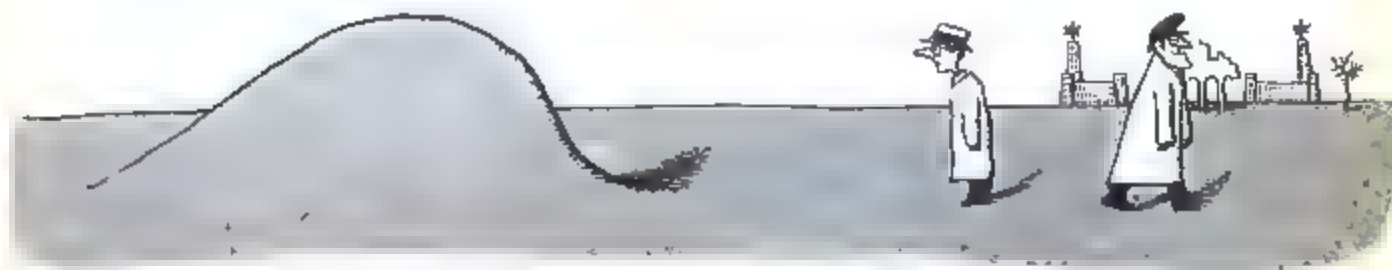
Communism has done much to beautify the East Berlin landscape.

ON Z'LEFT VUZ OUR
OPERA HOUSE AND OUR BIGGEST
CHURCH AND HITLER'S WAR
OFFICE AND OUR FINEST HOTEL
AND GOERING'S A R MINISTRY AND
OUR LARGEST SCHOOL AND GOEBBEL'S
PROPAGANDA OFFICE . AND . ON
Z' RIGHT. ...

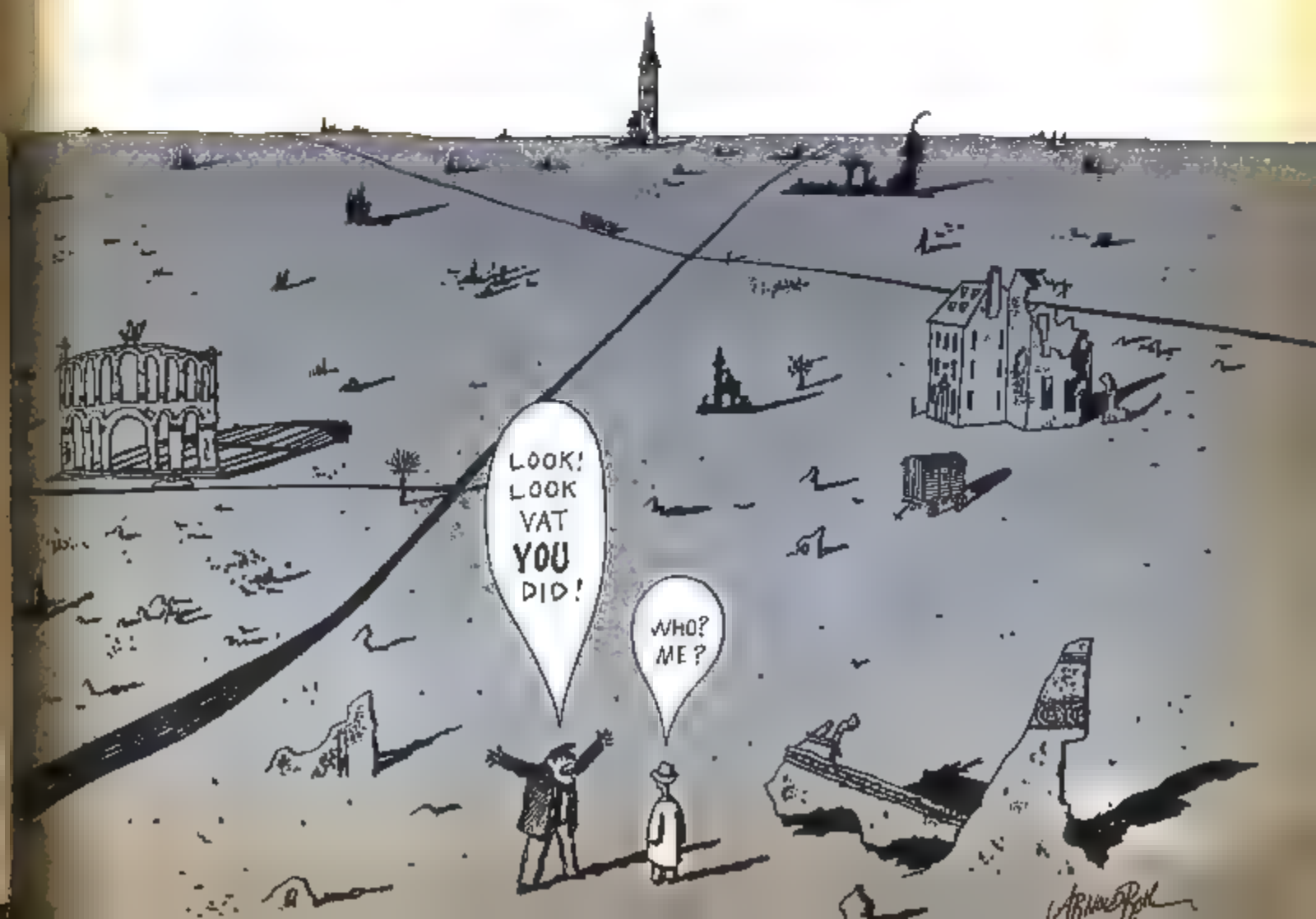





Free enterprise thrives in West Berlin — but East Berliners try to make the most of communal activities.



War losses have almost destroyed a male age group, and it is quite common to see 'older' men escorting young girls.





Look, lady—
don't you know
you're not supposed to
play around with
cellophane bags?

AN EGYPTIAN HORNET



By Algernon Blackwood

The word has an angry, malignant sound that brings the idea of attack vividly into the mind. There is a vicious sting about it somewhere—

Even a foreigner, ignorant of the meaning, must feel it. A hornet is wicked; it darts and stabs; it pierces, aiming without provocation for the face and eyes. The name suggests a metallic droning of evil wings, fierce flight, and poisonous assault. Though black and yellow, it sounds scarlet. There is blood in it. A striped tiger of the air in concentrated form! There is no escape—if it attacks.

In Egypt an ordinary bee is the size of an English hornet, but the Egyptian hornet is enormous. It is truly monstrous—an ominous, dying terror. It shares that universal quality of the land of the Sphinx and Pyramids—great size. It is a formidable insect, worse than scorpion or tarantula. The Rev. James Milligan, meeting one for the first time, realized the meaning of another word as

glass. For ten minutes he could enjoy himself and pretend that he was safe. For ten minutes he did so. He behaved carelessly, as though nothing mattered, and as though all the courage in the world were his. He splashed and soaped and sponged, making a lot of reckless noise. He got out and dried himself. Slowly the steam subsided, the air grew clearer, he put on dressing-gown and slippers. It was time to go out.

Unable to devise any further reason for delay, he opened the door softly half an inch—peeped out—and instantly closed it again with a resounding bang. He had heard a drone of wings. The insect had left its perch and now buzzed upon the floor directly in his path. The air seemed full of stings, he felt stabs all over him, his unprotected portions winced with the expectancy of pain. The beast knew he was coming out, and was waiting for him. In that brief instant he had felt its sting all over him, on his unprotected ankles, on his back, his neck, his cheeks, in his eyes, and on the bald clearing that adorned his Anglican head. Through the closed door he heard the ominous, dull murmur of his striped adversary as it beat its angry wings. Its oiled and wicked sting shot in and out with fury. Its delf legs worked. He saw its tiny waist already writhing with the lust of battle. Ugh! That tiny waist! A moment's steady nerve and he could have severed that cunning body from the directing brain with one swift, well-directed thrust. But his nerve had utterly deserted him.

Human motives, even in the professedly holy, are an involved affair at any time. Just now, in the Rev. James Milligan, they were quite inextricably mixed. He claims this explanation, at any rate, in excuse of his abominable subsequent behaviour. For, exactly at this moment, when he had decided to admit cowardice by ringing for the Arab servant, a step was audible in the corridor outside, and courage came with it into his disreputable heart. It was the step of the man he cordially "disapproved of," using the pulpit version of "hated and despised." He had overstayed his time, and the bath was in demand by Mr. Mullins. Mr. Mullins invariably followed him at seven-thirty; it was now a quarter to eight. And Mr. Mullins was a wretched drinking man—"a sot."

In a flash the plan was conceived and put into execution. The temptation, of course, was of the devil. Mr. Milligan hid the motive from himself, pretending he hardly recognized it. The plan was what men call a dirty trick, it was also irresistibly seductive. He opened the door, stepped boldly, nose in the air, right over the hideous insect on the floor, and fairly pranced into the outer passage. The brief transit brought a hundred horrible sensations—that the hornet would rise and sting his leg, that it would cling to his dressing gown and stab his spine, that he would step upon it and die, like Achilles, of a heel exposed. But with these, and conquering them, was one other stronger emotion that robbed the lesser terrors of their potency—that Mr. Mullins would run precisely the same risks five seconds later, unprepared. He heard the gloating insect buzz and scratch the oilcloth. But it was behind him. He was safe!

"Good morning to you, Mr. Mullins," he observed with a gracious smile. "I trust I have not kept you waiting."
"Mornin'!" grunted Mullins sourly in reply, as he

passed him with a distinctly hostile and contemptuous air. For Mullins, though depraved, perhaps, was an honest man, abhorring parsons and making no secret of his opinions—whence the bitter feeling.

All men, except those very big ones who are supermen, have something astonishingly despicable in them. The despicable thing in Milligan came uppermost now. He fairly chuckled. He met the snub with a calm, forgiving smile, and continued his shambling gait with what dignity he could towards his bedroom opposite. Then he turned his head to see. His enemy would meet an infuriated hornet—an Egyptian hornet!—and might not notice it. He might step on it. He might not. But he was bound to disturb it, and rouse it to attack. The chances were enormously on the clerical side. And its sting meant death.

"May God forgive me!" ran subconsciously through his mind. And side by side with the repentant prayer ran also a recognition of the tempter's eternal skill. "I hope the devil it will sting him!"

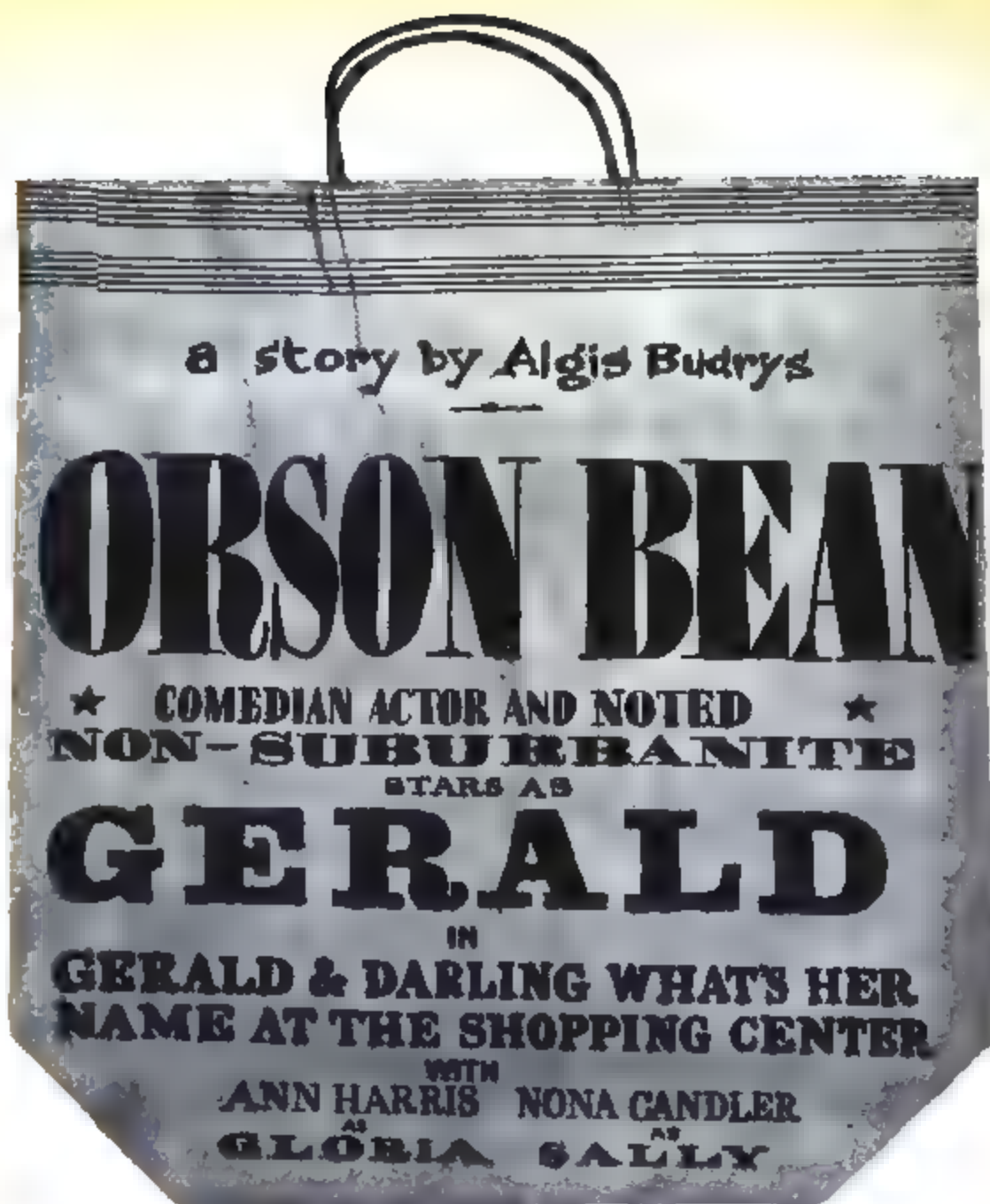
It happened very quickly. The Rev. James Milligan lingered a moment by his door to watch. He saw Mullins, the disgusting Mullins, step blithely into the bathroom passage, he saw him pause, shrink back, and raise his arm to protect his face. He heard him swear out aloud. "What's the d—d thing doing here? Have I really got 'em again?" And then he heard him laugh—a hearty, guffawing laugh of genuine relief—"It's real!"

The moment of revulsion was overwhelming. It filled the churchly heart with anguish and bitter disappointment. For a space he hated the whole race of men.

For the instant Mr. Mullins realized that the insect was not a fiery illusion of his disordered nerves, he went forward without the smallest hesitation. With his towel he knocked down the flying terror. Then he stooped. He gathered up the venomous thing his well-aimed blow had stricken so easily to the floor. He advanced with it, held at arm's length, to the window. He tossed it out carelessly. The Egyptian hornet flew away uninjured, and Mr. Mullins—the Mr. Mullins who drank, gave nothing to the church, attended no services, hated parsons, and proclaimed the fact with enthusiasm—this same detestable Mr. Mullins went to his unearned bath without a scratch. But first he saw his enemy standing in the doorway across the passage, watching him—and understood. That was the awful part of it. Mullins would make a story of it, and the story would go the round of the hotel.

The Rev. James Milligan, however, proved that his reputation for self-control was not undeserved. He conducted morning service half an hour later with an expression of peace upon his handsome face. He conquered all outward sign of inward spiritual vexation; the wicked, he consoled himself, ever flourish like green bay trees. It was notorious that the righteous never have any luck at all! That was bad enough. But what was worse—and the Rev. James Milligan remembered for very long—was the superior ease with which Mullins had relegated both himself and hornet to the same level of comparative insignificance. Mullins ignored them both—which proved that he felt himself superior. Infinitely worse than the sting of any hornet in the world—he really was superior. **END**

Copyright 1917, by Algernon Blackwood. R. 1943 by the author. Reprinted by permission of Willie Kingsley Wing.



In thousands of American suburbs, there are dozens of shopping centers with thousands of cars in their parking lots and millions of suburban couples on their credit plans. And what happens? We'll show you what happens...



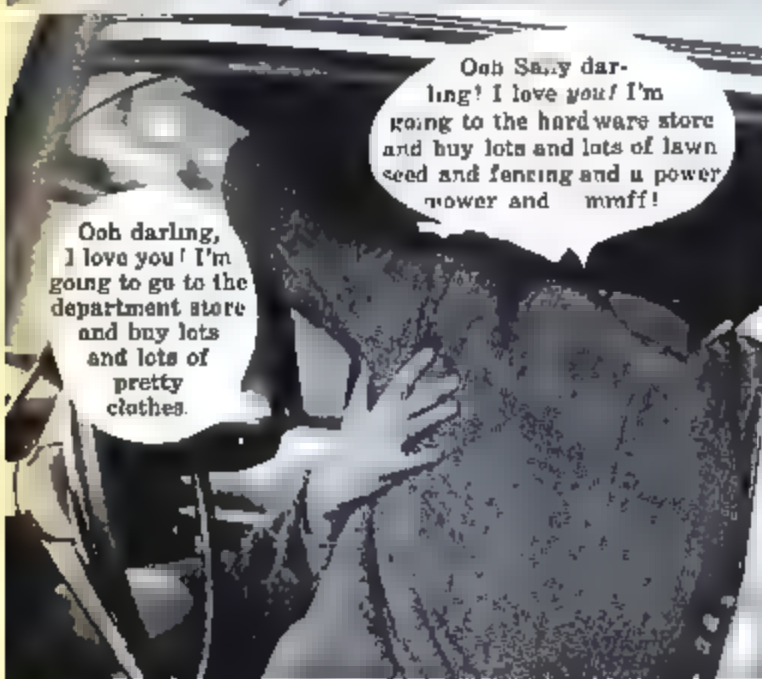
Ooh yes! I
can't believe it's
been two weeks
since the
wedding

Hmm — lots
of cars
here, aren't
there?



Ooh Sally dar-
ling! I love you! I'm
going to the hardware store
and buy lots and lots of lawn
seed and fencing and a power
mower and mmff!

Ooh darling,
I love you! I'm
going to go to the
department store
and buy lots
and lots of
pretty
clothes.



Bye bye
darling! I'll meet
you here, honey!

Bye, bye, honey!
I'll meet you right
here, darling!



Gosh, I
hope Sally dar-
ling hasn't been
waiting too long. I'd
better get all this
loaded into
the car.



Let's see now
was it the AA,
Space C,

or was it
aale CC,
Space A?



Aisle
4,
Section
ZZ?



There she is! You
hoo, Sally, honey!

AISLE 13
SECTION FF-WEST

For East Area:
Follow arrows to
South Area and turn
left at North Area

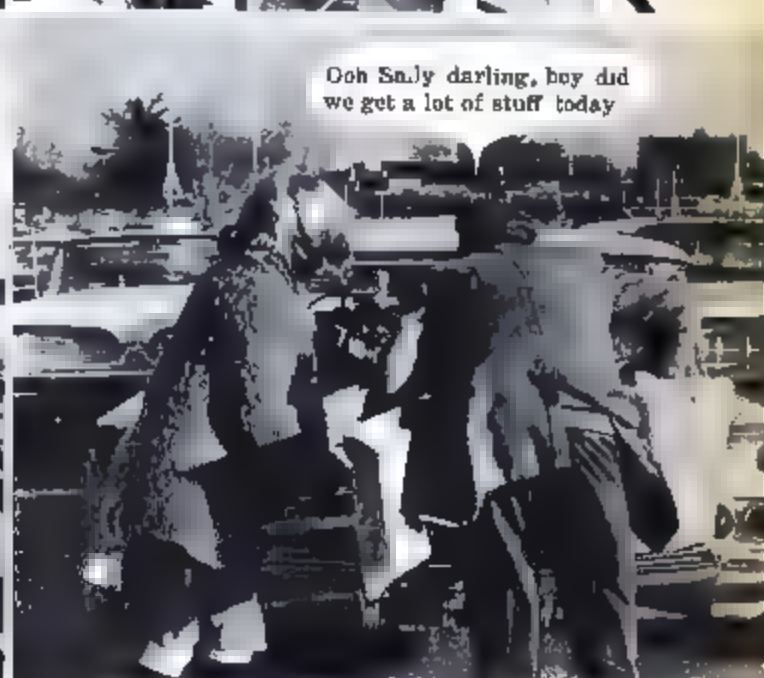


Ooh,
honey! I
thought I'd
lost you.

Mmf!
Ooh,
Honey!



Ooh Sally darling, boy did
we get a lot of stuff today



Ooh, Charles,
darling - you
called me Sally

Charles?



Well for
gosh sakes!

Golly





Gee! Imagine that! Heh heh!

You thought I was your wife and I thought you were my husband. Isn't that silly?

Same kind of car.

Well, I guess it was a natural mistake.



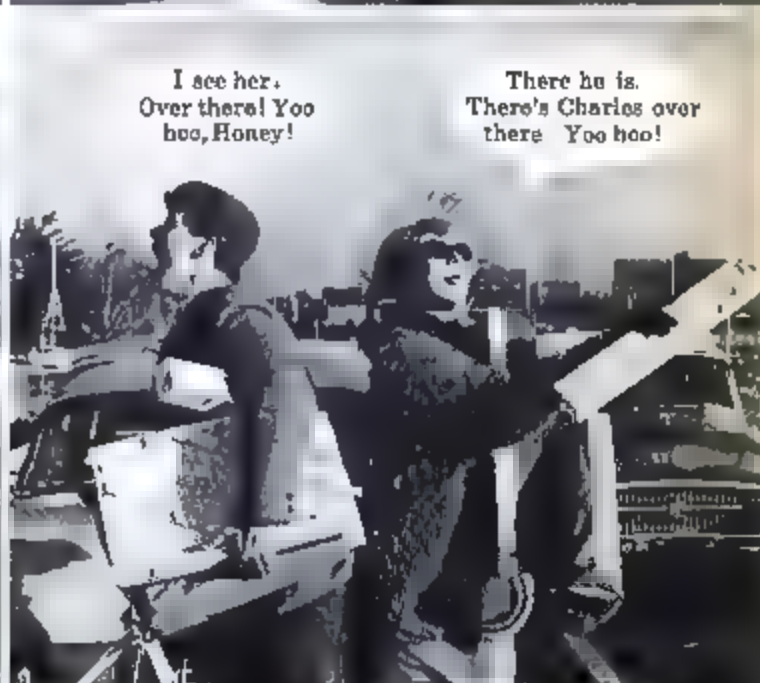
Say this isn't my car.

Gee. It's not Charles's car either.



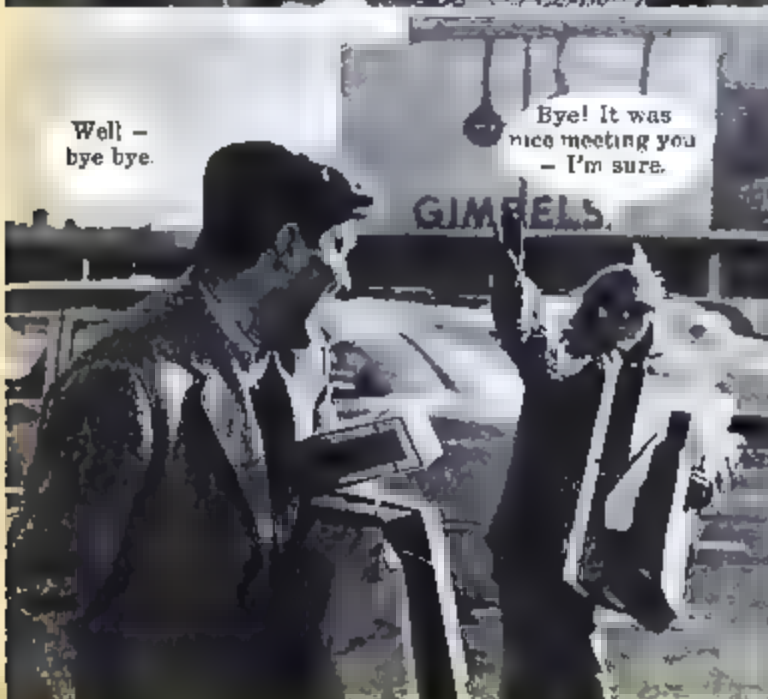
Gee - imagine that! I'd better get this stuff out of here before the owner comes back. I'd better find Sally.

Golly - It all looks the same everyplace! I can't tell one car from another. I'd better find Charles.



I see her. Over there! Yoo hoo, Honey!

There he is. There's Charles over there. Yoo hoo!



Well - bye bye.

Bye! It was nice meeting you - I'm sure.



Honey, honey! Here I am honey!

Over here darling!



Ooh!
Darling
Honey,
Precious!
Mmff!

Mmff!



Ooh,
Charles
sweetie.

Charles?



Gee whiz.

Golly.



There
she
is. Say
listen —
why don't
you people
drop over
for cards
some
time.

Thanks. We'd love
to. There he is! Yoo
hoo Charles! Charles has
the Gasper Cigarette
account for Holler
Holler and Gronn

That's a coin-
cidence! I've got
the Oakum Cigar
account for Blastem
and Fyre. Well,
keep in touch,
hmm?

Bye,
now
Ger
ald!
Be
see-
ing
you!



Honey Hay, Honey!
Gee whiz, I just met the
nicest person, and —



Ooh,
Charles
Ooh!

God.



Say,
whose car
is this
one?

I don't
know The keys
seem to be
in it



Guess we
just have to
keep looking,
don't we?

I
guess
so



Lots of
cars here
all right

Yes - a lot.
Lots of people
come here,
I guess.



Lots of young couples mov-
ing to the suburbs, all right.

You
bet!



This is
a funny
situation,
isn't it?

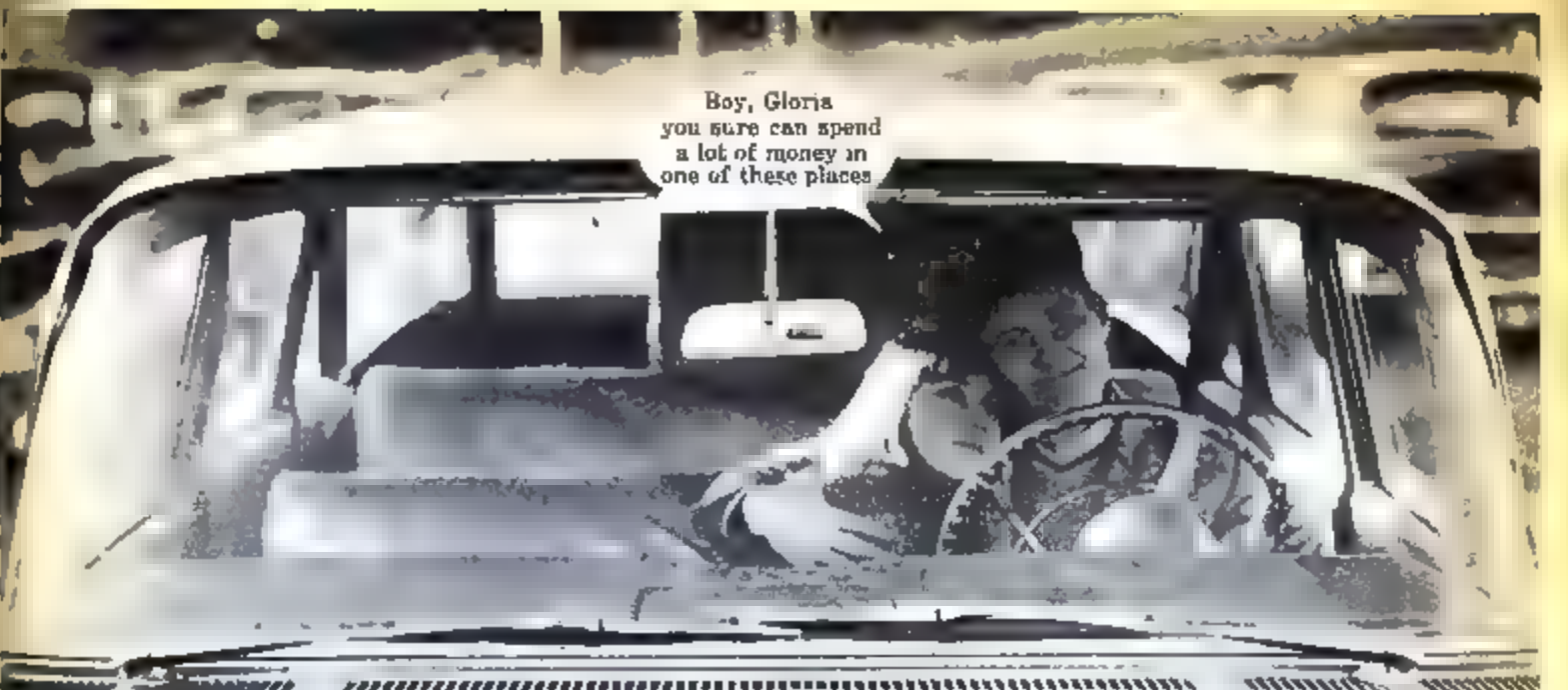
It sure
is. Gee, I'll
bet you could
look for one
particular
person for
hours!




Well

Well





Boy, Gloria
you sure can spend
a lot of money in
one of these places



Well
Gerald,
Honey. They've
got it all organ-
ized to make
you do that,
I guess.

Gloria!

Gerald!

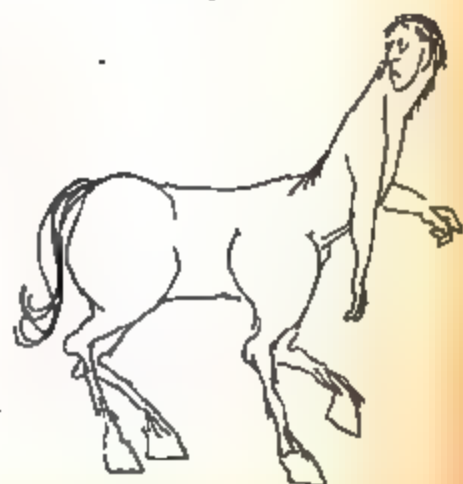
THE CENTAUR

From

NOW HERE'S MY PLAN

by

SHEL SILVERSTEIN





8



9



10



11



12



Sheldon

13

The Crystal Egg *continued from page 18*
behind it. He had become so absorbed in watching that he was quite surprised to find himself in the cool darkness of his little shop, with its familiar odour of methyl, mustiness, and decay. And, as he blinked about him, the glowing crystal faded, and went out.

Such were the first general impressions of Mr. Cave. The story is curiously direct and circumstantial. From the outset, when the valley first flashed momentarily on his senses, his imagination was strangely affected, and, as he began to appreciate the details of the scene he saw, his wonder rose to the point of a passion. He went about his business listless and distraught, thinking only of the time when he should be able to return to his watching. And then a few weeks after his first sight of the valley came the two customers, the stress and excitement of their offer, and the narrow escape of the crystal from sale, as I have already told.

Now while the thing was Mr. Cave's secret, it remained a mere wonder, a thing to creep to covertly and peep at, as a child might peep upon a forbidden garden. But Mr. Wace has, for a young scientific investigator, a particularly lucid and consecutive habit of mind. Directly the crystal and its story came to him, and he had satisfied himself, by seeing the phosphorescence with his own eyes, that there really was a certain evidence for Mr. Cave's statements, he proceeded to develop the matter systematically. Mr. Cave was only too eager to come and feast his eyes on this wonderland he saw, and he came every night from

half-past eight until half-past ten, and sometimes, in Mr. Wace's absence, during the day. On Sunday afternoons, also, he came. From the outset Mr. Wace made copious notes, and it was due to his scientific method that the relation between the direction from which the initiating ray entered the crystal and the orientation of the picture was proved. And, by covering the crystal in a box perforated only with a small aperture to admit the exciting ray, and by substituting black holland for his buff blinds, he greatly improved the conditions of the observations, so that in a little while they were able to survey the valley in any direction they desired.

So having cleared the way, we may give a brief account of this visionary world within the crystal. The things were in all cases seen by Mr. Cave, and the method of working was invariably for him to watch the crystal and report what he saw, while Mr. Wace (who as a science student had learnt the trick of writing in the dark) wrote a brief note of his report. When the crystal faded, it was put into its box in the proper position and the electric light turned on. Mr. Wace asked questions, and suggested observations to clear up difficult points. Nothing, indeed, could have been less visionary and more matter-of-fact.

The attention of Mr. Cave had been speedily directed to the bird-like creatures he had seen so abundantly present in each of his earlier visions. His first impression was soon corrected, and he considered for a time that they might represent a diurnal species of bat. Then he thought, grotesquely enough, that they might be cherubs. Their



heads were round, and curiously human, and it was the eyes of one of them that had so startled him on his second observation. They had broad, silvery wings, not feathered, but glistening almost as brilliantly as new-killed fish and with the same subtle play of colour, and these wings were not built on the plan of bird-wing, or bat, Mr. Wace learned, but supported by curved ribs radiating from the body (A sort of butterfly wing with curved ribs seems best to express their appearance.) The body was small, but fitted with two bunches of prehensile organs, like long tentacles, immediately under the mouth. Incredible as it appeared to Mr. Wace, the persuasion at last became irresistible, that it was these creatures which owned the great quasi-human buildings and the magnificent garden that made the broad valley so splendid. And Mr. Cave perceived that the buildings, with other peculiarities, had no doors, but that the great circular windows, which opened freely, gave the creatures egress, and entrance. They would alight upon their tentacles, fold their wings to a smallness almost rod-like, and hop into the interior. But among them was a multitude of smaller winged creatures, like great dragon-flies and moths and flying beetles, and across the greensward brilliantly-coloured gigantic ground-beetles crawled lazily to and fro. Moreover, on the causeways and terraces, large-headed creatures similar to the greater winged flies, but wingless, were visible, hopping busily upon their hand-like tangle of tentacles.

Allusion has already been made to the glittering objects upon masts that stood upon the terrace of the nearer building. It dawned upon Mr. Cave, after regarding one

of these masts very fixedly on one particularly vivid day, that the glittering object there was a crystal exactly like that into which he peered. And a still more careful scrutiny convinced him that each one in a vista of nearly twenty carried a similar object.

Occasionally one of the large flying creatures would flutter up to one, and, folding its wings and coiling a number of its tentacles about the mast, would regard the crystal fixedly for a space—sometimes for as long as fifteen minutes. And a series of observations, made at the suggestion of Mr. Wace, convinced both watchers that, so far as this visionary world was concerned, the crystal into which they peered actually stood at the summit of the end-most mast on the terrace, and that on one occasion at least one of these inhabitants of this other world had looked into Mr. Cave's face while he was making these observations.

So much for the essential facts of this very singular story. Unless we dismiss it all as the ingenious fabrication of Mr. Wace, we have to believe one of two things. either that Mr. Cave's crystal was in two worlds at once, and that, while it was carried about in one, it remained stationary in the other, which seems altogether absurd, or else that it had some peculiar relation of sympathy with another and exactly similar crystal in this other world, so that what was seen in the interior of the one in this world was, under suitable conditions, visible to an observer in the corresponding crystal in the other world; and *vice versa*. At present, indeed, we do not know of any way



in which two crystals could so come *en rapport*, but nowadays we know enough to understand that the thing is not altogether impossible. This view of the crystals as *en rapport* was the supposition that occurred to Mr. Wace, and to me at least it seems extremely plausible.

And where was this other world? On this, also, the alert intelligence of Mr. Wace speedily threw light. After sunset, the sky darkened rapidly—there was a very brief twilight interval indeed—and the stars shone out. They were recognisably the same as those we see, arranged in the same constellations. Mr. Cave recognised the Bear, the Pleiades, Aldebaran, and Sirius: so that the other world must be somewhere in the solar system, and, at the utmost, only a few hundreds of millions of miles from our own. Following up this clue, Mr. Wace learned that the midnight sky was a darker blue even than our mid-winter sky, and that the sun seemed a little smaller. *And there were two small moons!* "like our moon but smaller, and quite differently marked" one of which moved so rapidly that its motion was clearly visible as one regarded it. These moons were never high in the sky, but vanished as they rose—that is, every time they revolved they were eclipsed because they were so near their primary planet. And all this answers quite completely, although Mr. Cave did not know it, to what must be the condition of things on Mars.

Indeed, it seems an exceedingly plausible conclusion that peering into this crystal Mr. Cave did actually see the planet Mars and its inhabitants. And, if that be the case, then the evening star that shone so brilliantly in the

sky of that distant vision, was neither more nor less than our own familiar earth

For a time the Martians—if they were Martians—do not seem to have known of Mr. Cave's inspection. Once or twice one would come to peer, and go away very shortly to some other mast, as though the vision was unsatisfactory. During this time Mr. Cave was able to watch the proceedings of these winged people without being disturbed by their attentions, and, although his report is necessarily vague and fragmentary, it is nevertheless very suggestive. Imagine the impression of humanity a Martian observer would get who, after a difficult process of preparation and with considerable fatigue to the eyes, was able to peer at London from the steeple of St. Martin's Church for stretches, at longest, of four minutes at a time. Mr. Cave was unable to ascertain if the winged Martians were the same as the Martians who hopped about the causeways and terraces, and if the latter could put on wings at will. He several times saw certain clumsy bipeds, dimly suggestive of apes, white and partially translucent, feeding among certain of the lichenous trees, and once some of these fled before one of the hopping, round-headed Martians. The latter caught one in its tentacles, and then the picture faded suddenly and left Mr. Cave most tantalisingly in the dark. On another occasion a vast thing, that Mr. Cave thought at first was some gigantic insect, appeared advancing along the causeway beside the canal with extraordinary rapidity. As this drew nearer Mr. Cave

continued on page 58





Look
oil!

The Crystal Egg continued from page 56
perceived that it was a mechanism of shining metals and of extraordinary complexity. And then, when he looked again, it had passed out of sight.

After a time Mr. Wace aspired to attract the attention of the Martians, and the next time that the strange eyes of one of them appeared close to the crystal Mr. Cave cried out and sprang away, and they immediately turned on the light and began to gesticulate in a manner suggestive of signalling. But when at last Mr. Cave examined the crystal again the Martian had departed.

Thus far these observations had progressed in early November, and then Mr. Cave, feeling that the suspicions of his family about the crystal were allayed, began to take it to and fro with him in order that, as occasion arose in the daytime or night, he might comfort himself with what was fast becoming the most real thing in his existence.

In December Mr. Wace's work in connection with a forthcoming examination became heavy, the sittings were reluctantly suspended for a week, and for ten or eleven days—he is not quite sure which—he saw nothing of Cave. He then grew anxious to resume these investigations, and, the stress of his seasonal labours being abated, he went down to Seven Dials. At the corner he noticed a shutter before a bird fancier's window, and then another at a cobbler's. Mr. Cave's shop was closed.

He rapped and the door was opened by the step-son in black. He at once called Mrs. Cave, who was, Mr. Wace could not but observe, in cheap but ample widow's weeds of the most imposing pattern. Without any great surprise Mr. Wace learnt that Cave was dead and already buried. She was in tears, and her voice was a little thick. She had just returned from Highgate. Her mind seemed occupied with her own prospects and the honourable details of the obsequies, but Mr. Wace was at last able to learn the particulars of Cave's death. He had been found dead in his shop in the early morning, the day after his last visit to Mr. Wace, and the crystal had been clasped in his stone-cold hands. His face was smiling, said Mrs. Cave, and the velvet cloth from the minerals lay on the floor at his feet. He must have been dead five or six hours when he was found.

This came as a great shock to Wace, and he began to reproach himself bitterly for having neglected the plain symptoms of the old man's ill-health. But his chief thought was of the crystal. He approached that topic in a gingerly manner, because he knew Mrs. Cave's peculiarities. He was dumbfounded to learn that it was sold.

Mrs. Cave's first impulse, directly Cave's body had been taken upstairs, had been to write to the mad clergyman who had offered five pounds for the crystal, informing him of its recovery; but after a violent hunt in which her daughter joined her, they were convinced of the loss of his address. As they were without the means required to mourn and bury Cave in the elaborate style the dignity of an old Seven Dials inhabitant demands, they had appealed to a friendly fellow-tradesman in Great Portland Street. He had very kindly taken over a portion of the stock at a valuation. The valuation was his own and the crystal egg was included in one of the lots. Mr. Wace, after a few suitable consolatory observations, a little off-handedly proffered perhaps, hurried at once to Great

Portland Street. But there he learned that the crystal egg had already been sold to a tall, dark man in grey. And there the material facts in this curious, and to me at least very suggestive story come abruptly to an end. The Great Portland Street dealer did not know who the tall dark man in grey was, nor had he observed him with sufficient attention to describe him minutely. He did not even know which way this person had gone after leaving the shop. For a time Mr. Wace remained in the shop, trying the dealer's patience with hopeless questions, venting his own exasperation. And at last, realising abruptly that the whole thing had passed out of his hands, had vanished like a vision of the night, he returned to his own rooms, a little astonished to find the notes he had made still tangible and visible upon his untidy table.

His annoyance and disappointment were naturally very great. He made a second call (equally ineffectual) upon the Great Portland Street dealer, and he resorted to advertisements in such periodicals as were likely to come into the hands of a bric-a-brac collector. He also wrote letters to *The Daily Chronicle* and *Nature*, but both those periodicals, suspecting a hoax, asked him to reconsider his action before they printed, and he was advised that such strange story, unfortunately so bare of supporting evidence, might imperil his reputation as an investigator. Moreover, the calls of his proper work were urgent. So that after a month or so, save for an occasional reminder to certain dealers, he had reluctantly to abandon the quest for the crystal egg, and from that day to this it remains undiscovered. Occasionally however, he tells me, and I can quite believe him, he has bursts of zeal in which he abandons his more urgent occupation and resumes the search.

Whether or not it will remain lost for ever, with the material and origin of it, are things equally speculative at the present time. If the present purchaser is a collector, one would have expected the enquiries of Mr. Wace to have reached him through the dealers. He has been able to discover Mr. Cave's clergyman and "Oriental"—no other than the Rev. James Parker and the young Prince of Bosso-Kumi in Java. I am obliged to them for certain particulars. The object of the Prince was simply curiosity—and extravagance. He was so eager to buy, because Cave was so oddly reluctant to sell. It is just as possible that the buyer in the second instance was simply a casual purchaser and not a collector at all, and the crystal egg, for all I know, may at the present moment be within a mile of me, decorating a drawing room or serving as a paper-weight—its remarkable functions all unknown. Indeed, it is partly with the idea of such a possibility that I have thrown this narrative into a form that will give it a chance of being read by the ordinary consumer of fiction.

My own ideas in the matter are practically identical with those of Mr. Wace. I believe the crystal on the mast in Mars and the crystal egg of Mr. Cave's to be in some physical, but at present quite inexplicable, way *en rapport*, and we both believe further that the terrestrial crystal must have been—possibly at some remote date—sent hither from that planet, in order to give the Martians a near view of our affairs. Possibly the fellows to the crystals in the other masts are also on our globe. No theory of hallucination suffices for the facts.

END



HELP'S SATIRE SHOPPE

AN EXCLUSIVE ONE STOP SOURCE FOR THE SHARPEST
WIT BETWEEN COVERS AND ON WAX
PLUS ASSORTED ABSURDITIES




For the Man Who is Satisfied With
Nothing Less Than Second Best.

**BRAND
"X"**

CIGARETTES

BRAND "X" CIGARETTES
It was Inevitable and here it is Brand "X" — the cigarette for the man who is satisfied with nothing less than second best. It costs a little more but it gives you so much less. No exclusive blends or secret ingredients. No toasting, roasting or pan-frying. Brand "X" just slowly burns away, and your friends will burn with envy! Makes a less than ideal gift too. Smoke the cigarette that leaves all the pale hands down. \$5.00 per carton.

YOU ON AN ALBUM



Stop kidding yourself. Nobody will ever make an album of you conducting the Boston Philharmonic or singing George Gershwin classics. But who needs it anyway. The years of practice. The hunger. The sleeping with producers. They can keep it. All you have to do is send in a modest sum and we'll put your name on an album. It's a beautiful album too, with ten wonderful songs in it. And you up there conducting like crazy. **Brava! Brava!** \$2.99



SATIRICAL DUST JACKETS

Do friends laugh at your book-lined room? Just put these dust jackets on ten of your books and they'll really laugh. (If they don't they're witless and who needs them!) The colorful, hand-somely designed jackets are titled:

"How to Cheat the Federal Government on Your Income Tax"
"Pregnancy: Its Cause and Cure"
"French Pornography" "Illustrated"

"101 Decorating Plans for Men's Rooms"
"A Condensed History of Fingernail Biting"
"An Anthology of Restroom Poetry, edited by K. Roy"
"Now—A New Use for Dandruff"
"So You Want to be a Ubangi!"
"How to Lose Gracefully At Russian Roulette"
"Lincoln: the Man and the Car"
All 10 titles for \$2.00

This Car Made Especially For RALPH SPEAR

PERSONALIZED NAME PLAQUE

Once upon a time, way back in 1965, the Ford Motor Company brought out an umteen thousand dollar car called the Lincoln Continental. And in their ads they proclaimed, "Your name is on a gold-toned plaque on the dashboard." The ad didn't say how much the plaque would cost without the car. Well now you know (see Photo). As you see, it's a bargain at half the price. Adhesive back, 2 1/4" long. \$1.00

THE SATIRE SHOPPE
Dept. H-8 Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Total _____

Handling and _____

Shipping Fee _____

30¢ per item

Total Amount _____

Enclosed _____

☐ BRAND "X" CIGARETTES

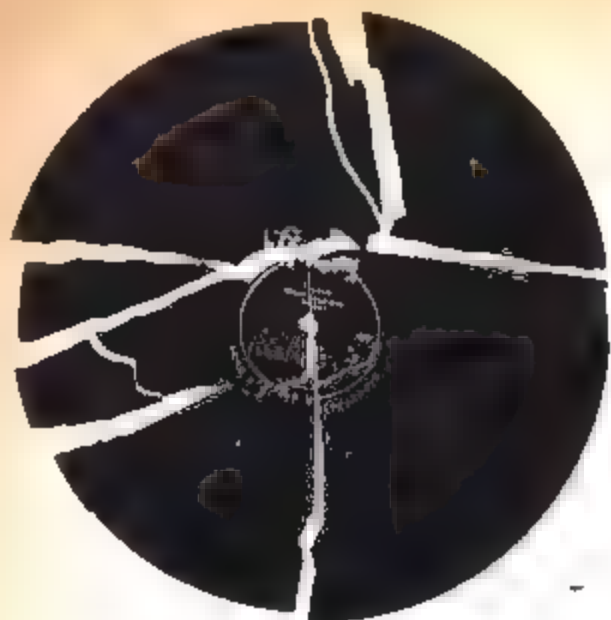
☐ FAKE BOOK JACKETS

☐ PERSONALIZED RECORD ALBUM*

☐ CUSTOM NAME PLAQUE*

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

*Please print imprint desired



OFF-BEAT RECORDS

33 1/3 rpm



ORSON BEAN AT THE HUNGRY I

In "Wil. Success Spoil Rock Hunter", Orson Bean seduced Jayne Mansfield every night for over a year. Whether this record still stands is known only to Miss Mansfield and a few close friends. But another Orson Bean record is unsurpassed—this album of his deliciously funny monologues. Unlike his contemporaries Orson doesn't view the world through neuroses-colored glasses. His routines are sane, intelligent and untainted by malice. He runs a witty gamut from William S. Burroughs to men from Mars! \$4.98



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS
There's a rumor going around that Jonathan Winters is the funniest man alive in the world today. There's a second rumor that Winters started the first one. This second rumor is not true. We started it. You'll be starting your own when you hear Winters on wax. \$4.98



BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY
Turn down the lights, slip into a pair of leopards and set the amplifier to deep, sensual bass. Here's a copy of bonafide young beatniks reciting poetry against a cool jazz background. These boys are holding forth at the Greenwich Village-Girlie Cafe. \$3.98



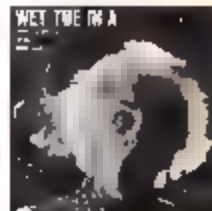
JONATHAN WINTERS' DOWN TO EARTH
The Winters may not be getting milder, but they sure are getting sharper and funnier—Jonathan Winters, that is. In this new new album, Jon employs his ascerbic wit on such American institutions as honor movies, Broadway musicals. \$4.98



PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANZINI
The greatest hoax since Alan Ladd started pretending he was an actor was carried off by Pat Harrington Jr. on the Jack Paar Show. Harrington passed himself off as a nattily-garbed Italian golf pro. Also on this disc is Bill Dana. \$3.98



LENNY BRUCE'S TOGETHERNESS
Some people think Lenny Bruce is sick and should be put away. Some people think Warren Harding was a great president and should be put on Mount Rushmore. Matter of fact, they're the same people. \$4.98



PHYLLIS DILLER'S WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET
We thought Phyllis Diller had depth. But now we realize that deep down she's very shallow. But very funny and extremely smart! Phyllis writes her own material, and the very incisive tunes have to be heard to be disbelieved. \$4.98



DAVE GARDNER'S KICK THY OWN SELF
A satirist, as you may know, is a man who is kind to masochists. And a masochist is what some unfriendly critics have called Dave Gardner. He uses his pseudo religious, one-man revival meetings as a pulpit to preach anti-conformity and what not. \$4.98



BLAKE REED'S BEAT GENERATION POETRY
It's been said that beatnik poets are like Mohican Indians—there are more people writing about beatnik poets than there are beatnik poets. Well, Blake Reed is the genuine article. He has recited his way through espresso joints til' he's a mass of coffee nerves. \$3.98



JEAN SHEPHERD
There's only one Jean Shepherd and that's James Joyce. Shepherd's fantastic stream of consciousness monologues have built a fanatic cult of imitators that stretches from Englewood, New Jersey to the Midtown Tunnel but gives him time. \$4.98

THE SATIRE SHOPPE
Dept H-8 Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Total _____

Shipping Fee
30¢ per item.

Amount _____

Enclosed _____

☐ Cash

☐ Check

☐ Money Order

- ☐ ORSON BEAN
- ☐ WONDERFUL WORLD OF WINTERS
- ☐ DOWN TO EARTH WINTERS
- ☐ BEAT GENERATION, BLAKE REED
- ☐ BEAT GENERATION, JAZZ POETRY
- ☐ DAVE GARDNER
- ☐ PAT HARRINGTON JR.
- ☐ Lenny Bruce
- ☐ PHYLLIS DILLER
- ☐ JEAN SHEPHERD

PERSONALIZED POSTERS

THE SATIRE SHOPPE
Dept. H-8, Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Total _____

Shipping Fee _____

30¢ per item

Total Amt. _____

Enclosed _____

☐ Cash

☐ Check

☐ Money

Order

Please print imprint desired

☐ YOU AND JAYNE MANSFIELD. Picture your name on a movie poster with Jayne Mansfield, the great star of stage, screen, and deep breathing. What could be more exciting for your bar, den or bedroom? Of course your name is second fiddle to hers, but with your fiddle you're lucky to be in the orchestra. \$4.95

☐ \$1000 ON YOUR HEAD. Want to show people that you're wanted? This authentic looking reward poster has your name on it and looks like I was just torn from a row on side of Dodge. A \$1000 reward dead or alive proclaims you as a Man of Extinction. It's 11 x 17 and printed in two colors. \$1.95

REWARD!

\$1000.00
WILL BE PAID IN GOLD COIN

DEAD OR ALIVE
DEAD OR ALIVE

FOR THE APPREHENSION OF
YOUR NAME HERE

Said party is the leader of the worst kind of desperadoes the Territory has ever had to deal with. The above reward shall be paid for the capture or for positive proof of his capture.

WYATT RAMP, Marshal

Postcard 1975 1200

Intimate Strangers



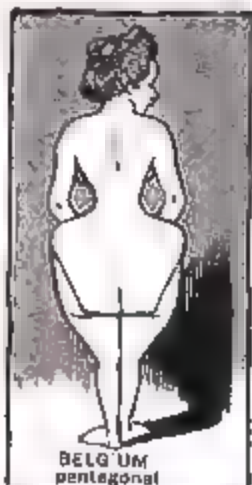
JAYNE MANSFIELD

YOUR NAME HERE

A SIMPLE METHOD, CLEAR AND RAPID FOR CALCULATING FEMALE NATIONALITY BY GEOMETRY



ITALY
the trapeze



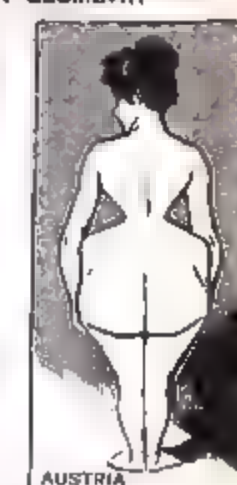
BELGIUM
pentagonal



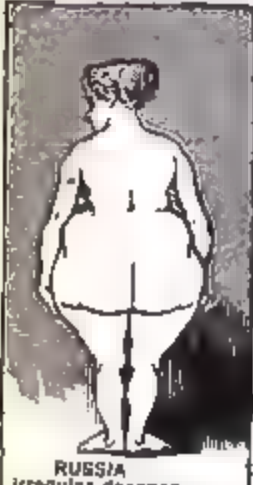
SPAIN
the circle



SCOTLAND
triangular



AUSTRIA
octagonal



RUSSIA
irregular decagon



FRANCE
tangent circles



HOLLAND
rounded oval



PORTUGAL
broad-sided oval



OLD ENGLAND
the lozenge

which reminds us
BACK ISSUES OF HELP! ARE AVAILABLE

THE SATIRE SHOPPE Dept. H-8
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

I have enclosed 50¢ per HELP! checked.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

☐ HELP! #2 ☐ HELP! #3 ☐ HELP! #4 ☐ HELP! #5 ☐ HELP! #6 ☐ HELP! #7



BOOKS TO LAUGH BY

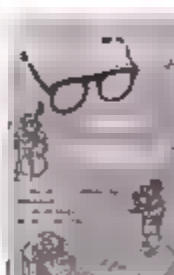
Here is the cream of the jest. There's no hope here. There is a group of America's top "in" comics. There is some of the sharpest, most biting comments on our generation.



TWO KURTZMAN CLASSICS
Harvey Kurtzman's **JUNGLE BOOK** and **HUMBUG DIGEST**. So you thought that life was good. Well, so did Seymour Mednick. But in the **Jungle Book** he found out different. On Madison Avenue, on the range, in the jazz joints, it's a jungle man! →



HUMBUG was a magazine that was destroyed by the big magazine cartels because it told the truth! It said, "This magazine is going bust!" But before it did it produced some rare hilarity. Kurtzman was never funnier, though God knows he's tried. Both **HUMBUG DIGEST** and **THE JUNGLE BOOK** for \$1.00



Steve Allen's **BOP FABLES**. Mary, as we all know had a little lamb, and made medical history. Now Steve Allen has had his way with some other cursey characters and translated Aesop's fables into the parlance of the hop. Hear how the tortoise made the scene with the hare and all that jazz \$1.00



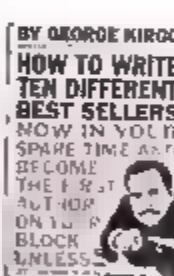
THE EXPLAINERS. Most of Jules Feiffer's fans think he should be elected president. The real think he was in **THE EXPLAINERS** as in **SICK SICK SICK** before it you listen in on the verbalizing and agonizing of America's neurotic young man, Hamlet of the world unite! \$1.50



SYMBOLS, EVERYWHERE SYMBOLS!
Jack Wohl's **THE CONFORMERS**. Messrs Price and Wohl carry the symbol trend to its ultimate conclusion. They eliminate everything but the symbols. Like where a scene is and says "Ooh, 'Don't come in. There's been a terrible accident.' \$1.00



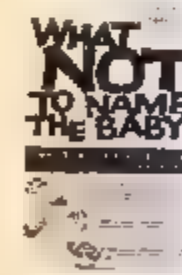
NON SEQUITURISTIC
Steve Allen's **THE QUESTION MAN**. In it Steve offers manic answers to depressive questions. An example? "Answer The Dormouse the March Hare, and the Queen of Hearts Question: What's one halluwa poker hand?" Profusely illustrated with hallucinations of Staverino \$1.50



BY GEORGE KIRGO
HOW TO WRITE TEN DIFFERENT BEST SELLERS
NOW IN YOUR SPARE TIME AND BECOME THE FIRST AUTHOR ON YOUR BLOCK UNLESS...
George Kirgo's **How to Write 10 Different Best Sellers Now and in Your Spare Time and Be the First Author on your Block Unless There's Already an Author Living on your Block Which is All Right Too and Other Stories** \$3.50



ARE YOU IN OR OUT?
Benton & Schmidt's **IN AND OUT BOOK**. Some people are in others are out. This little book tells exactly what's in and what's out. So if you are interested in getting or staying in, this is for you. \$1.95



THE PRICE IS RIGHT
Roger Price's **WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY**. Will you soon be hearing the patter of little feet? Here's a book that will help you. It's Roger Price's new Dictionary of names and what they really mean. Like "Harriet Harriet goes around telling everybody she is a virgin. Nobody much cares." \$1.50



FROM DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS
Carl Winston's **HOW TO RUN A MILLION DOLLARS INTO A SHOESTRING**. It's loaded with inspirational advice and case histories that could lift you from obscurity to oblivion. For as sociologist Gloria Steinem would say, "Show me a rich man man without money and I'll show you a poor man." \$1.50



FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE GAMES
Roger Price's **SON OF MAD LIBS**. Parties are made for (and by) **MAD LIBS**. Each guest contributes a noun or adjective to be inserted, sight unseen, in the gaps in a paragraph. Nouns, like children, should be obscene and not absurd if you have party games you love **MAD LIBS**. \$1.00



PETER U. ALUMNI
Peter Ustinov's **USTINOV'S DIPLOMATS**. As everybody knows Peter Ustinov is Orson Welles related into one. Peter is novelist, dramatist, monologist, and also contains London. In this book he poses as a diplomat from dozens of nations. Like the Arabians who says: "Your Cadillac is my Cadillac." \$1.50

THE SATIRE SHOPPE
Dept. H-8 Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Send to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

Total _____

Handling and Shipping Fee
30¢ per item

Total Amount Enclosed.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

- ☐ TWO BY KURTZMAN
- ☐ THE EXPLAINERS
- ☐ BOP FABLES
- ☐ HOW TO WRITE TEN, etc.
- ☐ THE CONFORMERS
- ☐ WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY
- ☐ SON OF MAD LIBS
- ☐ THE IN AND OUT BOOK
- ☐ HOW TO RUN A MILLION etc.
- ☐ THE QUESTION MAN
- ☐ USTINOV'S DIPLOMATS

FREE



Ah there . . . now that we've caught your greedy little eye—APRIL FOOL! There's nothing free! Don't you know in life you pay for everything? . . . All kidding aside, we are giving away a bonus to new subscribers — an autographed paperback copy of editor Harvey Kurtzman's *Jungle Book*.

You see — we're trying to discourage subscriptions.

.....
 HELP MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. H-8
 1426 E. WASHINGTON LANE
 PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.

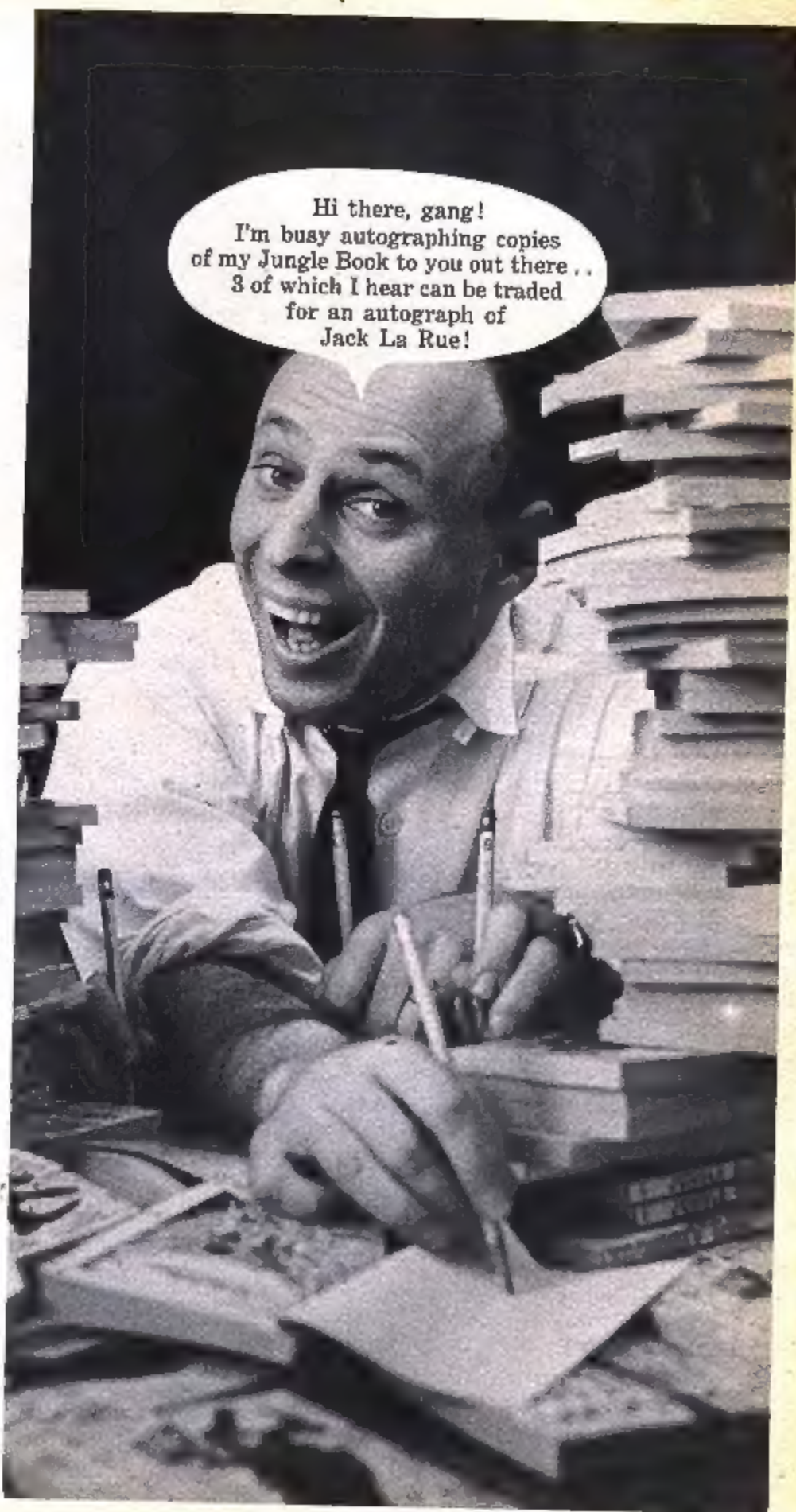
Send HELP! I have enclosed \$4.00 for one year (12 issues) of HELP! And at no extra charge, DO/DON'T send me an autographed JUNGLE BOOK.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....



Hi there, gang!
 I'm busy autographing copies
 of my *Jungle Book* to you out there . .
 3 of which I hear can be traded
 for an autograph of
 Jack La Rue!

KISSIES
starring
Dawn
Nickerson
of the hit
Broadway
musical,
"Do Re Mi"
in
A Kissie
Passionelle!

HELP!
magazine's
own
exclusive
brand
of
cheesecake...

Unlike
any
other
magazine...

You not
only
see...

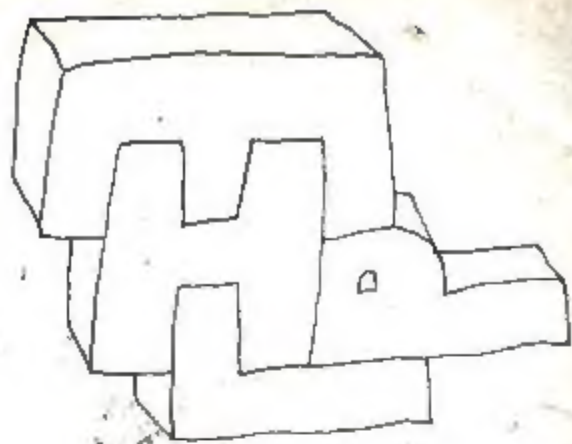
You not only
think...

You participate!





HELP



HELP

HELP

HELP



HELP

HELP

